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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Herr Wilhelm Edler von Schön, the new German Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is the first man who has risen from the ranks of the bourgeoisie to the highest situation in German diplomacy. His father, August Schön, was a Worms manufacturer who had amassed a considerable fortune, whilst his mother belonged to that well-known Hessian family, Heyl von Herrnhoffen, who possess the monopoly of the patent-leather trade of the world. Entering the army as a private he made the campaign of 1870, received his commission in the 2nd Regiment of Hessian Dragoons, and remained in the army until 1877, when he was appointed Attaché to the German Legation at Madrid. In 1882 he was nominated Secretary of Legation at Athens, from which he was transferred to Berne. His patent of nobility was conferred upon him by the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt in 1885, when he was also transferred to the Hague. He distinguished himself in Paris, where he was Count Münster's right hand, and was much helped by his wife, a woman of considerable talent and of great personal attractions, the daughter of Baron Charles de Groote, formerly Belgian Minister at Yokohama. He is an accomplished speaker, and a great favourite of the Emperor. Apparently Count Pourtalès, Prussian Minister at Munich, is to succeed Herr von Schön at St. Petersburg.

The resignation of Baron von Tschirschky was not quite unexpected. He was hardly at home in the Reichstag, as he was at best but a laboured speaker, and the difficulties of his position had of late been considerably increased by the addition of the Centre party to the ranks of the Opposition. He is a conscientious worker, and used to arrive at his office punctually

every morning at eleven o'clock, remaining there until the whole of his table had been cleared. He was extremely popular with the whole staff, as he did his work at one sitting and was not accustomed, like his predecessor Baron von Richthofen, to return at nine o'clock in the evening. His nomination to the highly important post of German Ambassador to Vienna shows that he still enjoys a full measure of the imperial confidence notwithstanding rumours to the contrary.

Count Charles Wedel, who has been nominated Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, after occupying the post of Ambassador at Vienna for five years, is also in the confidence of the Emperor. It is alleged that the Kaiser has him in his mind's eye as a possible successor to Prince von Bülow. He now returns as Governor to a Province which he helped as a young officer to win for the Empire in 1870. He was born in 1842 and has since then risen to the highest rank in the army. His wife is a Swede, the daughter of Count Hamilton and the widow of Count Platen. He is a thorough "grand seigneur", full of tact and judgment, thoroughly qualified to carry out the arduous duties of his new post.

After weeks of negotiating, during which extremists in Austria and Hungary have been doing their best or worst to bring about a failure, a new Ausgleich for ten years has been signed by the Austrian and Hungarian Ministers. Two points which have been thought worthy of comment show the incalculable weight given by Hungarian sentiment to apparent trifles. The arrangement has been made in the form of a treaty as a concession to the Magyar amour propre. This treaty has been signed in Budapest, and it is the first time since 1867 that this has happened. It has still to be ratified by the Parliaments of the two countries, and there will doubtless be Parliamentary squabbles. At present it is a moot point whether the new arrangement is more advantageous to the one party or the other; but that is quite a common dispute in the case of treaties. The importance of the matter to other countries is that the economic question was embittering all the forces tending to separation. But

the satisfaction with this happy ending was marred by disquiet as to the Kaiser-Koenig's health. However, the latest reports are reassuring.

Anti-militarism is worrying both the French and German Governments. M. Clémenceau is taking action against the Bourses du Travail and other bodies which contribute to the funds of the General Confederation of Labour. In Germany Dr. Karl Liebknecht is being tried for high treason on account of a pamphlet which the police confiscated some months ago. Dr. Liebknecht has not learned to temper his zeal with discretion any more than his father. His pamphlet denounced as anti-national the army and the schools in which its deeds were held up to admiration, and declared that militarism turns the proletariat against the proletariat. Dr. Liebknecht has scored a first point by inducing the Court to read his pamphlet as a whole and not to trust to the excerpts on which the official indictment is based.

The irritation of anti-militarism has its compensations for M. Clémenceau, as his speech at Amiens on Sunday very well showed. His Parliamentary position was very weak at the end of the session; his difficulties were increasing all round him. Now he is able to divert all the slings and arrows of his friends and foes, barring a certain number of Socialist intransigents, from himself to anti-militarism. By denouncing the conspiracy against the State and waxing eloquent on the national danger, he has a grand chance of rallying to him all the good men of the republic. He will be coming back to the Chamber, claiming in full Ciceronian strain that he has saved the republic. He should be grateful to the anti-militarists, for only they have saved him. But fancy a French Premier having to admit in a public oration that some of his fellow-citizens exceeded the foreigner in fury against France. It had become necessary to speak up for France!

The Hague Conference is an unconscionable time dying. "When that the brains are out a man will die". Macbeth's prognosis does not apply to the moribund body at the Hague. It has even insisted on preaching its own funeral sermon, as if in the hope of mitigating the contempt universally felt for its deeds while it lived. This is a traditional function of funeral sermons, but the Hague Conference has abused the privilege beyond all precedent. All its fine humanitarian sentiments do not conceal the fact that the Arbitration Convention, patched up for the look of the thing, is a sham. It has been concocted as a grand tableau of gush and hypocrisy: as if this might make us forget the jealousies, intrigues, chicanery and international suspicion which have preceded it during the four months the Congress has been sitting.

Abd el Aziz would appear to have spent a large part of his week at Rabat giving audience to French representatives, to English journalists, and others. M. Regnault and the Sultan have interchanged civilities and assurances of friendship, which the French Minister supplemented by handing in to the Maghzen a little indemnity account for 20,000,000 francs. If the Sultan is as cheerful and confident as he is said to be, and prepared to talk of motor-cars and other luxuries rather than of events within his dominions, it can only be said that his optimism is not shared generally. Mulai Hafid is to be disposed of some time or other, no doubt, but at present everything points to the strengthening of his forces, and among the Sultan's correspondence during the week is a communication from his rival calling upon him to abdicate. Whilst the internal condition of the country remains thus unsettled, around Casablanca things by no means approximate to normal. Both General Drude at Casablanca and Abd el Aziz at Rabat are handicapped by their inability to be sure which of the tribes may be trusted.

Mr. W. P. Schreiner has definitely decided to re-enter politics at the Cape. Perhaps his three years of more or less involuntary retirement have had a chastening effect. During his premiership at the time of the war he managed to offend the susceptibilities of a large section of the Bond as well as of the loyalists, and it

is significant that the Bond to-day does not seem inclined to welcome him with open arms. He announces that he will take his stand on the Independent platform, but what effect his candidature will have on parties no one seems to be able to predict. He has a good word for both Dr. Jameson and the Bond, appears to be anxious to let bygones be bygones, and after the elections he might once more be in a position to form a Government. On the other hand, he may again suffer his fate of 1904. In any case it is not clear who will lead the expected Dutch majority.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman started his campaign against the Lords on Saturday. He started in Midlothian, and this may recall another great campaign—if somewhat faintly. It is a pity the Prime Minister could not have coaxed Lord Rosebery to be beside him on the platform—the echo of Gladstone's great Midlothian campaign might have been less faint with Lord Rosebery there: as it was he had to make the most of Lord Dalmeny. One notes that he had beside him, as leading supporter, the Master of Elibank: perhaps this was a discreet device for reassuring Scotch whigs and capitalists that he is not likely to cultivate too kindly the Socialist section. We cannot forget the Master of Elibank's outburst against those who work to split the Liberal vote. Moreover if we glance through the names of the other Liberal M.P.s who were on his platform on Saturday, we find them, practically one and all, Liberals of the faithful and official sort.

The Prime Minister sketched anew, for those who have forgotten it, his "cutting the claws" of the House of Lords, and he dealt largely with Scotch land tenure and Scotch land values. He kept, however, for the end of the feast the real titbit: it was this—the Government intend early next session to bring in again the Scottish Small Holders Bill and the Scottish Land Values Bill, and to stand no nonsense, but run them straight through their stages and send them up to the Peers. But surely this can only be the Scottish side of next session's campaign against the House of Lords? How could English radicals be worked up into any enthusiasm by heroic tactics over two Bills the very outlines of which are little understood and less cared about this side of the Tweed? We suppose, however, that when the Prime Minister comes before English audiences he will drop Scottish land values and tenure and try the effect of plural voting and education.

We fear lest Mr. Arthur Acland on the subject of rural immigration may be as little to the taste of Mr. Jesse Collings as is Mr. Balfour. Mr. Acland actually admitted on Thursday that small holdings were not going "to cure all the evils which resulted from the growth of town communities". And this at a meeting of the National Liberal Federation! This, considering the political colour of the speaker and the body he addressed, was crabbing the cow and three acres worse surely than Mr. Balfour ever crabbed it.

Mr. Bonar Law, at Newcastle on Thursday, made the kind of tariff reform speech that is wanted now: a speech taking up a position both more scientific and more practical than was in vogue amongst tariff reformers in the early days of the movement. It is not a theoretic question of free trade and protection; it is simply a matter of expediency at the particular time for the particular country in its own circumstances. No country, as Mr. Bonar Law pointed out, is wholly protectionist; neither can any country do without import duties altogether. Import duties in any case there will be; how can we arrange and impose them to our best advantage? This is the only question the country has to consider. The scope for difference of opinion is not perhaps very appreciably narrowed; but we shall at any rate be saved from barren economic talk.

Mr. Lloyd-George has once more played the House of Lords against the outcries of the various sections of Government supporters. This time it is the question of Welsh Disestablishment. The Welsh nonconformists

issued an apparently uncompromising demand for a Welsh Bill next session, or at least during the present Parliament. Now, at a meeting of Welshmen in Cardiff on Thursday to establish a Disestablishment League, he seems to have brought them to the point of view convenient for the Government. Mr. Lloyd-George has also been saying, apropos of the railway strike, that the Government can do nothing yet because there is no definite situation. This is reasonable enough, but does not amount to much.

Mr. Carvell Williams, who died on Tuesday, had long outlived all bitter feeling against himself, for he had outlived the cause he had so greatly at heart. "Liberation" to-day is not more alive than Cobbett's terror of paper money; and really it was a kind of political mummy in England during at any rate the last few years of Mr. Williams' life in the House of Commons. Yet he lived, moved, and breathed in its atmosphere to the end and cared for nothing else in public life: a curious, not unpathetic, survival. Mr. Williams worked indeed on "Liberation" with the intensity with which Browning's grammarian worked on *de* and *ov*; but then the grammarian did in the end succeed in properly basing *ov*.

In the memoirs that have appeared of Lord Brampton we have not seen it noticed that about the time of his ceasing to be Mr. Justice Hawkins it was rumoured that he thought of returning to the Bar. The rumour was more than half credited by the Bar itself, and it was a striking proof of the impression the vivacity, mental alertness, vigour, and pertinacity of this great advocate made on all who knew him. It is often said that the practitioners of the older school of cross-examiners died out with Sergeant Ballantine and that Sir James FitzJames Stephen gave them their quietus. Mr. Hawkins was more consummate than the famous Serjeant, and in all living memories he stands first in that branch of the art of advocacy. Though it was impossible in the nature of things that the ex-Judge Hawkins could have competed successfully with Russell, it is not easy to see why Hawkins should have been at disadvantage with Russell in any of the arts of the advocate.

Hawkins may well be classed with Russell, and both are in a lower class than Cockburn and Coleridge. Cockburn and Coleridge were men of fine intellect, cultivated and scholarly, and in consequence, merely as advocates, they were on a higher mental plane. They all had the dramatic or theatrical instinct which fine advocates always have. The "Claimant" remarked on one occasion that Toole had come to take lessons in acting from 'Orkins. Hawkins on the Bench studied pose as much as he did at the Bar; he aimed at impressing the popular imagination, and he succeeded. He understood the art of advertising, but it was no common, feeble or vulgar personality that he had to advertise. His interests were not with great affairs; at least there is no evidence that he concerned himself with them. His life was that of a brilliant egoist with intellect and wits sharpened to the acutest point of practicality and shrewdness; and he was debonaire, freakish, whimsical and humorous with it all.

Lord Coleridge has been appointed an additional judge in the King's Bench Division. The Government have taken advantage of the recent House of Commons resolution to find promotion for one of their party whose professional claims are not more than second-rate. Lord Coleridge as a radical peer has been difficult to provide for. It could not be done by making him a law officer; but the resolution of the House of Commons has been made a Coleridge relief resolution and the difficulty is solved. Is this ominous of what will happen if the Government's judicial patronage is extended by the creation of several more judges? This may become necessary. The prospects of certain disappointed radical lawyers are brightening.

A statement has been made that the Council of the Railway Companies Association will decline to accept Mr. Bell's proposal for a preliminary conference. Mr. Bell has been speaking at the Congress of the Amalgamated

Society of Railway Servants at Middlesbrough, and his remark on the statement was the sensible one that until the railway companies published it, any comment on it would be unwise. Both parties are organising their forces; the companies making arrangements which may detach their men from the strike movement; the Amalgamated Society striving to patch up quarrels with other railway unions. An important step to this object may be the decision at Manchester of the Conference of Railway Workers to federate several railway unions; but the effect of it at present is uncertain.

There will be no strike, at any rate while coal is booming. The colliers say so, and that settles it. The last thing they want is any interference with trade just now. They are doing extremely well, some families earning up to ten pounds a week, while five and six pounds is hardly exceptional. They do not mean to have their harvest curtailed by the railway men; and as it would be bad policy for the railway men to alienate any important body of organised labour, we may take it that there will be no strike yet at all. Mr. Bell has to consider sources of supply, and the colliers' contributions will probably be an important source. The more money the colliers can make, the better for the railway men; for the more they make, the more they would give their brethren in necessity.

We never pretended to expect very great things from the new County Council. We always thought its principal virtue would be service as thorn in the side of a Radical Government. So we are not excessively cast down at the Improvement Committee stiffening its neck against the "Further Strand Improvement". They are against any alteration in the present northern line of frontage in the Strand, and they would not allow an object-lesson in the way of hoarding to show the effect of the building the Committee would allow. They are determined to persevere in the sins of the Progressives, who never lost a chance to make London uglier. The new men—at any rate the Improvement Committee—seem to be the fools of economy at any price, which is no economy at all. But the matter is not over yet. Turning to another County Council question, we are sorry that the Council rejected the Education Committee's proposal to do away with attendance medals—a silly and unworthy lure.

Motor-omnibuses are not cultivated for their delicate scents or their music or their beauty of build. On the contrary, they smell evilly, are very ugly monsters and make a hateful noise. Their one merit lies in their pace. No one who dislikes being jolted and jerked along at five miles an hour, or well under, in the old-fashioned horse-omnibus can question this merit in the motor. Save when it skids or breaks down, the motor does on the whole move smooth and quick. The news, then, that the companies have practically decided to reduce the pace of their motor-omnibuses, and at the same time raise the fares, will not be welcome. We think it reasonable to raise the fares slightly: clearly they are too low in many cases at present; but rob the motor-omnibus of its pace and not a single kind quality is left it.

Taking into account frequent breakdowns on the road and the time which people have to waste in waiting for a motor-omnibus which is not full, the pace is not really excessive even as it is. If the rate is to be reduced to eight miles an hour or thereabouts, there will be no advantage in keeping the motor-omnibuses on the London streets. Their gross and obvious defects in other matters are only pardonable through their pace. We think the companies will be well advised to raise the fare all round to, say, a penny a mile, and to let the motor-omnibuses run at the present pace; or to take them off the road, and give our noses, eyes and ears a holiday, till a less injurious vehicle can be fashioned. The motor-omnibuses of 1906-7 need not be wasted. There is always a market for scrap-iron.

The wreck of "Nulli Secundus" is suggestive of an irony in fate very odd and sinister. We have hardly ceased to applaud and wonder at the complete success

of the Army airship, when suddenly the news comes that it is a wreck—that it is to be “packed” up and sent home by rail! It is just as if some vengeful genii of the air had watched the progress of man’s bold venture to rule their world, and pounced down with effect at the exact moment when all doubt and difficulty seemed to have passed. “Nulli Secundus”, fairly possessed of the winds, on Thursday morning threatened every moment to break free from her anchorage and a gang of men who tugged and strained to hold her. She was only prevented doing so by the presence of mind of one of her captors, who took out his knife and stabbed her. After this she appeared a mere heap of wreckage, bits of sail, rope, envelope and network scattered at random.

It is not surprising that some experts began forthwith to blame those in charge of the wrecked airship. It is said that the lost lifting power might easily have been restored on Wednesday, and the return journey to Farnborough then made without delay. But such discoveries are always the simplest in the world after an accident. It is doubtful whether anyone could reasonably have feared for the safety of the anchored airship after such a wonderfully successful tour. What would be wisdom if it were only exercised before the event is usually foolish talk afterwards. In any case, we think it would be a mean thing to find fault with the two aeronauts at the present moment. They carried out the hard and dangerous part of their experiment with brilliant success; and they must be suffering severely enough, as it is, through this humiliating accident. Both are full of pluck and enterprise, and we have no doubt they will soon be at work and afloat again.

Since Professor Blackie’s conspicuous figure was lost to Edinburgh, Professor Masson was the most distinguished personage of the University world which forms so important a part of the larger life of Edinburgh. Next to Blackie he was the scholar whose work contained most of the material within popular comprehension and appreciation. Sir Alexander Grant, Sellar, Tait, Campbell Fraser, Simpson, Turner, were names of which any town or university might be proud, but to most people there must be an element of mystery in their reputation. Masson was Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. What the rhetoric was we imagine Masson’s own students mostly failed to discover. Perhaps the only thing they remembered about it was Masson’s quotation “All a rhetorician’s rules serve him but to name his tools”, and his comment, “a very useful thing too”.

Masson’s glamour with the young men was the atmosphere of literary associations with the great Scottish names of the generation preceding him—Wilson, Chalmers, Hamilton, Hugh Miller—and with the greatest of his literary contemporaries, Carlyle. If Carlyle had been Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Edinburgh, that would of course have been the apotheosis of the Chair and the University; but as that glory was denied, it was felt that Masson was the best replica of the Chelsea sage they could have: and Carlyle was much more of a sage to the generations Masson lectured to than he is now to their successors. Looking back on student days one discovers that the contact with the personality of teachers was a better education than what they taught, and the impression of Masson one finds to be permanent.

We are not surprised to learn that “Macmillan’s Magazine”, which was edited by Professor Masson for so many years, has followed “Fraser’s” and “Longman’s”. One by one, nearly all the old high-class magazines have gone under. It is to be hoped that “Cornhill” and “Blackwood” will hold out against the “wreckful siege” of their somewhat high-coloured and shiny juniors. The old style of magazine, the magazine that still flourished twenty years ago, was full of interesting matter, light and grave. Its fiction was at least as entertaining as the fiction of the illustrated magazines to-day. It was sober, informed, and it had, as a rule, a pleasant literary taste. Its death appears to have been due not so much to want of brain as to want of buzz.

EUROPE AND THE GERMAN FOREIGN OFFICE.

THE European press has been engaged during the last few days in explaining the German Ministerial changes in such ways as may suit the views of particular organs. It seems odd that journals often well-informed should forget that it is not safe to seek for causes in rearrangements of German Cabinets on the same basis as in Great Britain. The influences which may affect such matters are so largely personal in Berlin that considerations of world-policy are often involved when they have nothing to do with the particular event. The French in the past have made themselves look particularly foolish in this, nor even yet do they seem to have learned wisdom from experience. They will be well advised to look for no new orientation of German foreign policy because the head of the Foreign Office has changed. Speculations as to whether Herr von Schön was a real or only a pretending friend of France when attached to the German Embassy in Paris are about as wide of the mark as they can be. They merely serve to illustrate the tension of French political nerves, of which the clumsy attempts to belittle the visit of the Kaiser to this country by certain organs of our own press are only another sign. If anything can undermine the “entente”, it must be the growing feeling of uneasiness among us that the Quai d’Orsay is attempting to dictate our policy or exercises too close a supervision over our Foreign Office.

The foreign newspaper most likely to be well-informed on German Cabinet changes is the “Neue Freie Presse” of Vienna, and its explanation of the transference of Herr Tschirschky from the Foreign Office to the Vienna Embassy is purely personal. It is quite certain that the original choice of that minister was the Kaiser’s alone. For six months during the Chancellor’s illness he took in hand the direction of Foreign Affairs uncontrolled by anyone but the Sovereign. Possibly he was never persona gratissima to Prince von Bülow, in any case there is no denying that he was not a success as a parliamentarian. But it is none the less clear that his diplomatic talents are still highly regarded or we should not find him transferred to so important a post as Vienna. It is well known that the Chancellor’s health is now not good, and it may well be that he desires to have a lieutenant on whom he can rely to support him adequately in debate.

The appointments both of Herr von Schön and his predecessor have shown a remarkable departure from precedent in this—they both spring from the commercial classes. Hitherto the Foreign Office had always been confided to an aristocrat. Herr von Tschirschky’s father was a Director-General of the Railways; the father of the new Foreign Minister was a wealthy manufacturer, and he himself is enormously rich, owning large properties in the thriving neighbourhood of Ludwigshafen. He was ennobled by the Duke of Hesse, and has had a large experience in the Diplomatic Service, having been stationed at Madrid and Paris, as well as some minor capitals. His appointment as Minister at Copenhagen demonstrated his capacity, for it distinctly improved the relations between the two countries, which up to his time had always remained somewhat strained as a result of the old quarrel about the Duchies. His success at Copenhagen led to his transference to St. Petersburg, where he proved himself a great success. The action of Russia at Algieras had somewhat strained relations with Berlin, which were not improved by the attacks of the German press on Russian policy. He managed, however, not only to allay the bitterness, but brought about the interviews between the two Emperors at Björkö and Swinemünde. So we may expect to find him both conciliatory and adroit.

But this does not carry us very far, nor can it give us any good reason for believing that we may expect to see great changes in German policy. It is not easy to predict in what direction such a change could take place. Germany can only see in the conclusion of a Russo-English agreement a determination on the part of Russia to reassert her position in Europe, and such a prospect

can only be most disquieting to Germany, for her ambitions in the Near East clash with those of Russia far more seriously than with those of any other Power, not excluding ourselves. The rumour of Kaiser Franz Josef's indisposition puts every nerve in European Chancelleries on the stretch. The Triple Alliance is clearly breaking down; in any case it is no longer an instrument which will stand serious concussions, and Great Britain, whom most Germans persist, often to a ridiculous extent, in regarding as their worst enemy, has concluded political arrangements with Germany's most formidable neighbours, at the back of which the military party and their friends suspect secret agreements far more terrible than anything they reveal. This feeling of disquietude will not merely be allayed by telling Germany that she can only make friends with us by being kind to France. France cannot expect increased respect unless she earns it by strict attention to her business in Morocco, for it is plain enough that, though affairs there are for the moment at a standstill, they may at any time assume a far more menacing aspect. There is nothing to lead us to believe that the anti-foreign crusade is at an end, or that any authority exists in the country strong enough to command general or even partial acquiescence. In this condition of affairs the prospect of establishing the police control promised under the supervision of France and Spain does not seem convincing. It also appears evident that the relations between the two supervising States are not so cordial as might be wished. This fact undoubtedly stands out clearly in spite of positive assurances to the contrary both from Paris and Madrid.

Unfortunately the Hague Conference has done much to justify the fear of those who protested against the particular line taken up by this country at the commencement. The condition of Europe, and indeed of the world, led most reflecting people to believe that any proposal to limit armaments would be misinterpreted as an attempt to procure international acknowledgment of our naval supremacy. Of course nothing was further from the intention of our own Ministers and their representatives, but it gave a handle to our rivals, and in return we are now accusing Germany of being the spoil-sport of that most grotesque gathering. Therefore at the present moment the net result is that we must do our best at any rate to maintain our present naval position, and greatly to strengthen our military power. Any attempt to understand German views will prepare us for continuity of policy under the new Foreign Minister, not only for the international reasons we have set forth. Prince von Bülow will require all his adroitness to direct the Government Bloc in the way he desires it to follow. There exists in it by no means that homogeneity which reigned for a few weeks during the fight against the Clericals and the Socialists; the financial state of the country is not so satisfactory as it might be, and we may therefore expect to see the international position of Germany exploited for home purposes. An increase of the fleet and the preservation of the Bloc may both be promoted by adroit appeals to patriotism and vague references to external dangers. We do not anticipate any appreciable weakening in the attitude towards France, though the new Foreign Minister has already established such good personal relations with S. Petersburg that his appointment was probably due in no small measure to his success. If we are to see, as some German journals assure us, a return to the "Bismarckian tradition", it is well to remember that friendship with Russia was its original corner-stone. Another fundamental conception was that the differences between England and Russia were irreconcilable. At considerable sacrifice England has tried to show that this idea is false. If the British Government has succeeded even temporarily in this and has almost openly avowed that we would make concessions to set Russia free to act in Europe, it would be hypocritical to affect surprise that Germany declines to relax her vigilance or become more amiable. Neither need we wonder very much if Germany has not of late shown any desire to go out of her way to act in harmony with Britain at the Hague Conference.

THE SHADOW OF AN ELECTION.

THE Prime Minister threatens an election. We are all confident, of course, that we shall win; everyone always is, or says he is—it is part of the game—yet there must always be something of a knell in the suggestion of a general election—the whole sordid business to go through again, the flood of talk, the miles of speeches in the papers, the pettiness, the unreality of it all—whose spirit can help fainting a little at the thought? However it is not to be yet; the Liberals are going to try their luck one more session—they would do well to make a Jonah of Mr. Birrell first; why did they waste the judgeship on Lord Coleridge? it would have disposed of Mr. Birrell so nicely—but after the session we are to look out. If the Lords won't play the Liberal game, why, the Government won't play either: they'll just go and tell their constituents what naughty, disobliging people these Peers are. This at least is what Sir Henry "adumbrates" (word loved of the politician). And Unionists have answered the challenge promptly, if not quite in Homeric style. Within a day or two of the Prime Minister's declaration came the announcement that, after constant consultation between the Chief Whip and the Chief Agent, "a small army of lantern vans will leave London early in November". The vans are to carry speakers and gramophones and topical tunes. By the way, might not gramophones supersede the "speakers" altogether? Why should not one or two of our chief speakers prepare something of their best and declaim it into a gramophone, which could pour it out again all over the country? What villager would not rather see a gramophone than a man? What artisan would not rather hear Mr. Balfour through a gramophone or Mr. Bonar Law than the paid hack peripatetic speaker in person? Either way Unionists will be glad to know that of the "small army of vans" "each" (presumably meaning every van) is to "take a different route". The most enthusiastic of village politicians could hardly stand a whole army of Unionist vans at the same time.

If we appear to be wanting at all in respect for these methods of political argument, it is certainly not from any scepticism as to their efficacy. We have always been of Lord Salisbury's view that a circus is much more to the point than a parish council. We have no doubt that the gramophones and popular tunes will do much more execution than any amount of "reasonable argument". And we have no patience with the political prudes who pretend to be shocked at making buffoonery of politics. They are either fools or hypocrites. If they think that under democratic conditions elections can be won by pure reason, they are fools; as they also are if, knowing that elections cannot be won by argument alone, they refuse to stoop to conquer. But the intolerable person is he who preaches and exalts democracy and then affects to deplore what he knows, and knew all the time, to be a necessary result of democracy. The party circus, like other circuses, must of course be decent and respectable, and it must not be a swindle, like the Chinese labour circus. If it keeps within these bounds, it is false hitting to object to it. Critics of circus electioneering are denouncing the wrong thing. If they are honest and intelligent, they will denounce democracy, not the circus. If, as we do, they regretfully have to admit the fact of democracy and recognise the futility of playing the political game under democratic rules in the same way as they would play it under aristocratic rules, they will again regret not the circus but democracy. No doubt there is the alternative of washing the hands of the whole business—circus and democracy together. It is a tempting alternative and has proved too strong for the best men in America and France and some other Continental countries. But it is not the way of a patriot. The patriot will always make the best of a bad job, nor will he shrink from a palliative because he cannot find a remedy. He will rather take the utmost pains to see things simply as they are and act accordingly.

It is a serious loss to the Conservative party that very many of its best men—men who count for much in non-political life—do not and will not see things as they are, and therefore act as though things were as they are not.

Admiring other ways, they wish to believe that other ways still hold, and persuade themselves that they do. They appreciate, for instance, the great and on the whole the good part family influence has played in the public life of the country. They are believers still in the Great Houses of the neighbourhood. They will not recognise that a generation has grown up that knows not the Great House, and that if you cannot control the new generation you cannot count in the body politic. Great Houses and old families can still play a big part in the country—they have still an eminence of their own—but they can play it only by coming down amongst the people. One amongst others, one in the crowd, the territorial magnate will count for a good many more than one. Sulking alone in his castle, expecting the public to come to him, he will not count—politically—even for one. He will be forgotten until the crowd suddenly remembers that he has a castle, and that his castle contains treasure; when they will pay him a visit to relieve him of his superfluous plate or even of his land. It will be useless then to plead the antiquity of his family. There is no doubt that too many of our territorial magnates are sulking in this way in their Great Houses. And others are merely insouciant—too much bent on amusement to think of the enemy at their gate. These are mere fools, as blind to their own interests as careless of their country's. They are fiddling while Rome burns. Why should not they amuse themselves, they say, as well as other men? Because they cannot have it both ways. They cannot enjoy their position and ignore its responsibilities. They are sinking themselves to the level of the parvenu, who has money without public responsibilities, and so is free to spend it all on pleasure. At least neither party nor country has any right of remonstrance. It is a scandal that so many Conservative territorial and social leaders do so little—in fact do nothing—for the party in their neighbourhood—their sphere of influence, as they would probably say. They do not give their money; they do not work. They are very likely peers and will expect the local Conservative candidate or member to work day and night to persuade the people of the necessity of keeping up the House of Lords; but they themselves will do nothing to help him. They ought to be able to see in their own interest that this cannot go on for ever. If Conservative candidates find that on the one hand they get no help from the territorial families, and on the other hand that the territorial families have lost their influence with the electors, they certainly will cease to trouble about them; and the great landed gentry will no longer be an influence in the Conservative party. We should regret this greatly; we believe them, when they play their proper part, to be a most valuable element in the national polity. But if they should cease to count, the territorial families will have themselves to blame for it. Especially will it be hard, and most unfair, on Conservative peers and others, who rise to their responsibilities and do their political duty, of whom there are of course still a great many.

But there are others who hold aloof, not out of carelessness or levity, but of intention. There is the man who dwells apart from both parties, superior to both. He is a philosopher and looks down upon the bustle of politics and shuts his ear to all the empty noise. Well, this is rather a fascinating type, superior, often, really as well as satirically; but we cannot stop to talk to him while an election is about. He has his consolation, for if the country is going to the dogs he always said it would. And he looks forward to the day, which he is serenely certain will come, long after he has gone of course, when the country will come back to his view of things. A disaster at the coming election would merely confirm him in all his views.

There is, however, a much more numerous type, of greater importance politically. There is the man, usually of the educated and upper classes, who stands aside out of general sickness with everything. He does not care for politics much, does not think he has any capacity for them, but feels uncomfortably that he ought to do what he can to prevent things getting worse. He knows too much to be enthusiastic about either party, and he has no faith in political ideals. He is a Conservative because he hates the Radicals, but

has no stomach to fight for the party, which half the time is doing that for which he has no liking.

To him we simply put the extraordinary importance of next election—to Conservatives, in some ways, a final election. If the Radicals get in again, religious education, the House of Lords, and Tariff Reform will go, and the Church will be spoiled. All that this Government has done or has shown desire to do will have been endorsed by the country, and we shall be estopped from opposing further. The colonies will regard the mother-country as hopeless, and will turn from imperial to domestic and separatist considerations. If we win, we shall carry Tariff Reform, settle the education question, and save the two-chamber system. Surely this is enough to tempt into the street the most reluctant of Conservatives.

COLERIDGE MINOR.

TO-DAY, at an earlier date than ever before, the Courts assemble to open the Michaelmas Sittings. Not much more perhaps than the convenience of members of the Bar and of solicitors is involved in the change of dates for the rising of the Courts and their resumption of business a fortnight earlier than usual. If it has any effect on the trial of cases it must have exhausted all its force already; and the earlier date of meeting is not to be taken as implying an additional fortnight of opportunity for the judges to disburthen themselves and the Courts of the huge load of arrears. These still remain as formidable as they have been for so long; and the only reason for supposing that they are likely to diminish in the sittings now begun is the appointment of an additional judge in the King's Bench Division. He would be a very poor judge whose services would not be of some use in helping the Courts in the work which they have hitherto been incompetent to do. But even if Lord Coleridge, who has been appointed, had the swiftness of Sir George Jessel or of Sir Robert Wright and their sureness of decision, his help would still be inadequate to put the Courts on a business footing. More than one additional judge is wanted, and a new judge must necessarily be for a considerable time slow and cautious, and cannot turn out his best work or even do so much as the judges who have got to the stage described by Lord Bowen as not caring a fig whether they are right or wrong in their decisions. The first stage is, of course, one of hesitation and timidity, so that whoever had been appointed he would be some time before he was at his best. Then there is the litigants' point of view. They are naturally distrustful of the decisions of an inexperienced judge, and this fosters an inclination to appeal; so that while the new judge may be, to some extent, reducing arrears in the King's Bench Division he will be adding to the work of the Court of Appeal, which is already the most overburdened of all the Courts. If the appointment of Lord Coleridge inspired confidence, this inevitable distrust would be reduced to its lowest point; but as the appointment does not inspire confidence, it will make much against his utility.

Lord Coleridge's appointment is, in fact, a bad one. It is political pure and simple, and takes us back to the time of some of Lord Halsbury's creations, which were explicitly political and as bad as they could be. Lord Coleridge is an appointment such as Lord Halsbury might have made if Lord Coleridge had been a Conservative instead of a Liberal. We thought we had done with the Grantham, Darling and Ridley type of judge, whose qualifications, such as they were, derived from politics and not from their professional distinction. Lord Coleridge is the man from Sheffield as Mr. Justice Darling was the man from Deptford. In the Courts he has been more obscure than would have been thought possible for the son of the famous Chief Justice to be. An advocate is sometimes very deceptive. It is an excusable error to suppose that the man who has shown the high qualities which a powerful advocate displays will show on the Bench at least the same qualities of virility to which he owed his success at the Bar. Lord Brampton might, as some other great advocates have done, have altogether disappointed the expectation

that he would be as great a judge as he had been an advocate. There are several judges on the Bench at present who have failed to live up to the reputations they attained as advocates; but nobody could have foreseen this, though everybody is surprised. No such misconception as this can account for Lord Coleridge's appointment. He has not been at all masterful in the Courts; and his mediocrity as an advocate is not counterbalanced by any superiority as a lawyer. Lord Coleridge has for some time been a mournful figure both in forensic and political life. Many years ago, when the Lord Chief Justice was causing considerable anxiety on account of his unwillingness to leave the Bench, the story was current that he wished to arrange with the Liberal Government for some preferment to the present Lord Coleridge as a condition of his retirement. This opportunity passed, and Lord Coleridge's prospects darkened as did those of some other young Liberal lawyer politicians whilst Lord Halsbury sat so long on the woolsack. Lord Coleridge was effaced both in politics and at the Bar. But in 1906 Fortune again smiled. The Liberal Government came into office, and Lord Coleridge was re-discovered in the very prominent and distinguished position of a Radical peer in the House of Lords. He was handicapped by his peerage for the higher legal non-judicial posts; nor could he be appointed as a judge in the House of Lords. Only the Bench of the High Court remained, and it soon became evident that the Liberal Government intended to make another political appointment to the Bench. The peculiarity of this appointment, however, is that it goes to Lord Coleridge because he is a Radical lawyer who holds a peerage. Lord Coleridge is provided for, and the House of Lords may now be abolished without remorse.

The distinction of the Bench has unfortunately gone down considerably during recent years. There is a high general average of lawyer-like, professional ability, but the Bench is singularly destitute of outstanding figures. None of the judges has had a brilliant career even at the Bar comparable with that of Lord Brampton. They recall nothing in their careers except that some of them have had large practices and others none to speak of. The Bench is barren of great reputations in Parliament, in any branch of public life, in science, or in letters. Not many years ago on the puisne Bench there were Grove, famous in science, and Stephen, of note as a jurist and as a vigorous writer in criticism, history, and philosophy. One need not go far back to recall Cairns, Selborne, Cockburn, Coleridge, Bowen, Fry. All these were names and personalities that meant something more to men in other walks of life than those of successful practitioners in a merely professional sphere. It seems as if the law had lost its intellectual pre-eminence relative to other professions. Though lawyers go into Parliament in even greater numbers than they used to do, fewer stand prominently before the public as representative intellectual men of the time. More doctors than lawyers make extra-professional reputations. Forensically the Bar is very much on about the same level of average though rather high mediocrity as the Bench, so that it must be confessed the Government would have had considerable difficulty in adding to the prestige of the Bench by any appointment possible at present. This dearth of distinction may be only a passing phase. Perhaps it is common to the nation, to Parliament, to the Bench, and all other institutions to have periods of depression and revival, and we may always hope for a renewal of past lustre even when we do not see any prospect of it. In the meantime, however, such an appointment as this of Lord Coleridge is not encouraging. Several more judges will probably have to be appointed in the near future. It would be a scandal if this necessity were turned into an opportunity for appointing to the Bench other Radicals as insignificant politically as they are professionally.

CONCILIATION IN LABOUR DISPUTES.

THE Board of Trade Blue-book on the working of the Conciliation Act covers two years, and reviews a period in which several serious disputes have occurred. The Act has now had a fair trial. Passed into law only

ten years ago, this new departure was then regarded rather as a crystallisation of pious opinion than as a serious contribution to industrial legislation. To-day its value as a potent factor in the steadying of trade is thoroughly realised, and every year more disputes are brought under its provisions. For some time both masters and men fought shy of that individualist bugbear—State interference; gradually, however, the men came in, then the masters, until to-day ninety per cent. of the requests for intervention are joint. If the Act has done nothing more than teach the abstract value of arbitration, this alone would be a notable triumph; but it has gone far beyond proving general principles. The adoption of strike methods and the consequent depreciation of capital and loss of earnings to labour is one of the most serious blows that can be given to the trade of any country. The pages of the Blue-book need only to be read in order to realise how great is the saving to trade generally by the admission of the principle that while differences are being discussed work must continue. In very few cases is there recorded a failure to arrive at some settlement, and more than one intervention seems to have resulted in such a re-arrangement of existing conditions that prosperity has returned to a trade which threatened to become moribund. The infinite detail which marks so many of our modern manufacturing methods, and yet the power of arbitration to deal with it, is well illustrated by the history of the Nottingham lace dispute. The trade was worked on labour price-cards many years old, and altogether unsuitable for the new machinery which modern efficiency and competition demanded. The masters attempted revision, but the suspicious minds of the workers prompted an obstinate refusal, with the inevitable result that competition against foreign materials produced under more reasonable conditions rapidly became impossible. After a short period of misunderstanding a joint application to the Board of Trade led to the appointment of an arbitrator. The question once opened, it was found possible to make alterations far beyond the limits dreamed of by either side at the outset of the dispute. Artificial restrictions gone, trade at once improved, and masters and men alike have since freely expressed their satisfaction at the existence of legislation which has had so unexpectedly practical and satisfactory a result. Other examples, similar in intricacy of detail, patience of investigation and successful results, may be found in several printing and boot-trade disputes and the music-hall strike. To those who fear the so-called bias against capital on the part of arbitrators we commend the award in the Manchester tramway strike, where the men hoped by paralysing the service to extort extravagant terms. The claim of the men was refused on the ground that they "would receive a benefit out of the undertaking quite out of proportion to that to which they are reasonably entitled".

The success which has attended the working of conciliation in almost every instance where it has been invoked rather more than suggests the replacement of the voluntary principle by compulsion. We are well aware that the inevitable corollary to compulsion is the recognition of trades unions as representatives of labour in every dispute, but we see no difficulty in the way of such recognition. The present position is one of irresponsible privilege and can only be brought back to the normal by allowing to labour the same right of combination as capital enjoys, and by investing that right with legal responsibility for all purposes. Under such conditions once an award is made, the Union becomes legally responsible for the acquiescence of its members. The boilermakers and railway-men are cases in point. In the first instance a ballot of the men had to be taken to ascertain whether they would adhere to a bargain made by the responsible officials of their Union; this could never happen were the funds of the Union liable for a breach of the arbitrator's award. In the case of the railways individual recognition of the various unions would clothe them with the right to meet the masters on behalf of their respective grades, and once differences were brought to arbitration the question in dispute could only be the particular claims of each individual grade. Under such conditions there would be none of that illicit pressure which takes the form of a threat to start a sympathetic strike, as compulsory

arbitration recognises no cessation of labour, and deals only with the merits strictly relevant to matters in dispute between the immediate parties to the reference. Again, Labour regards it as especially unfair that its representatives are always opposed by the best brains capital can hire and that the presentment of its case suffers in consequence. Arbitration leaves it open to both sides to go into the legal market: and mulcting the loser in the payment of costs is a useful corrective of hasty proceedings.

We do not advocate the establishment of permanent courts of labour arbitration all over the country, since, owing to the lines upon which conciliation has developed, so expensive a course is wholly unnecessary. Where trade is organised and where masters and men have come together joint wages boards have been established, with the result that the necessity for arbitration arises only when a board cannot come to a decision. During recent years it has become a growing custom with these boards to incorporate in their rules a clause referring insoluble difficulties to arbitration, and all that is needed is to make compulsory such a clause in every set of rules. Though at first in many cases direct intervention would be inevitable, the gradual increase in the number of wages boards must eventually render official action of occasional necessity only.

The Board of Trade has been especially happy in its choice of arbitrators, and much of the success of the Act is due to the tact and ability with which they have handled the difficult questions put before them. We see no reason for making these arbitrators permanent officials of the Board of Trade. The present system is one of nomination from a rota of experts, men whose daily touch with life and trade gives them a far keener insight into actualities than may reasonably be expected from a permanent official. Moreover, a rota can always be varied; the spirit of officialdom is against development.

It may be urged that wages boards cannot be established for unorganised labour, for female labour and for industries depending mainly upon home work. That there are difficulties must be admitted, but these will diminish rather than increase by the example of an efficient scheme of arbitration for organised and skilled labour. In this respect the evidence taken before the House of Commons Committee on Home Work is well worthy of close study. Until some kind of report has been made, little is to be gained by discussing details. The keenest advocates of a forward policy are the Labour members; they want a minimum wage for every industry, skilled or otherwise. We will content ourselves for the present with observing that a minimum wage in certain trades, under existing fiscal conditions, can never be fixed by wages boards; the decision rests with foreign competition, and that is a factor depending upon international conditions of labour.

THE CITY.

THE end of the first fortnight in October usually marks the revival of business on the Stock Exchange, as all business men have by that time returned from their holidays. But if you ask the average broker to-day "How is business?" he will answer, "It is non-existent". There are, of course, a few favoured firms of stockbrokers who buy and sell for the banks and insurance companies, and they will tell you that they have nothing to complain of. But the majority of brokers and jobbers are barely paying expenses, and one wonders how long it will last. The latest Brazilian loan is already at a discount, and yet one hears of a new Chinese railway loan that is shortly to be brought out. When will the loan-mongers cease from troubling? British, Japanese, and Russian war loans have swept the market bare in one quarter; while mining "disappointments", to use no stronger term, such as the Australian Deep Leads and Siberian Proprietaries, have ruined clients in another quarter. All that a City man in these days can do is to try not to lose money. We can only advise our readers to avoid certain markets, namely, the American, Kaffir, and Home railway markets.

About two months ago we expressed a decided opinion that sooner or later there would be a crash in Yankee rails. It has come earlier than we anticipated, for we thought that the Wall Street magnates might engineer a boom before Christmas for the purpose of unloading stock, and getting better terms for their short-term notes. Nothing is impossible in the American market, so that there might still be a "bull" movement before the end of the year, especially as prices have now in some cases sunk to the level of 1901, before the historical boom began. But over-trading, over-speculation and reckless personal extravagance have rendered the situation in the United States essentially unsound, and it is sheer madness to touch Yankees at present. Luckily the account open in London is small, and though a great many railway "notes" have been bought at a large discount by London financiers we are glad to think that American borrowings on this side are very much less than they were a year ago.

The output of gold from the Transvaal mines continues to rise, and many people believe that this is a good time to buy Kaffirs. It is true that there are several South African mining shares, such as New Kleinfonteins, which return a good rate of interest on their price, and there is no objection to buying these, provided they are taken up and treated as a speculative investment. But the old gambling counters, Gold Fields, East Rands, and Rand Mines, are probably at their proper prices now, for the days are over when people will be content with 5 or even 7 per cent. from a mining share: they want a yield of 10, and they are right. The speculator should keep his hands off this market; the labour outlook is too uncertain, and politics will continue to be a disturbing factor for some time to come. The next nine months will settle the fate of South African mines. If the Boer Government decline to play, the game is up, though doubtless the producing mines will last another fifteen or twenty years. A distinction, moreover, should be drawn between the share of a producing mine like Cason or Kleinfontein, and the finance companies which hold shares in subsidiary companies and undeveloped properties. The latter should not be bought, as it is difficult to see where the new money for development is to come from. As for Australian Deep Leads, Australian Commonwealth Trusts, which have stood at £3, now stand at one shilling, and Loddon Valleys, which have been £2 10s., may now be bought for sixpence. And then brokers ask where their clients are! This business of the Deep Leads is most discreditable to all concerned. Siberian Proprietaries, which touched 17, now hang sullenly around the figure 2, while Orskys and Troitzks, those stars of the spring, are apparently flickering out at 7s. 6d. What a pity that Lord Knollys and Lord Stanley could not reflect a little of their elevation upon their shares!

With regard to Home rails, there are the strike and the traffic returns to be considered. Our railway directors are on their trial, and if they make a mistake at the present crisis many converts will be made to the nationalisation of railways. If it be true that the stokers and firemen will not join the other railway servants, there will either be no strike or it will be unsuccessful. We do not pretend to know and we are not going to prophesy. But quite apart from the strike—supposing it to be settled—we cannot see why anybody should buy Home rails. It is true that there is a large increase of receipts over last year, both from goods and passenger traffic, but there is an exactly equivalent increase of working expenses, which still remain at 62 per cent. of the gross earnings, so that the shareholders are nowise benefited. Moreover, these working expenses are likely to be higher in the immediate future, owing to the increase in the price of coal. According to a return just published, the average rate of interest on the ordinary stock of British railways is 3½ per cent. Why should any sane man take all the risk of labour troubles and higher prices of materials for such a paltry return? The railway employees are determined to work less for higher wages, and they will get what they want, and the shareholders will have to foot the bill.

The only two markets in which we see any prospect of activity are the market for tea and rubber shares, and

the industrial or miscellaneous market. There is every indication that in the coming year the demand will be greater than the supply of Indian and Ceylon tea, and prices will consequently rise to figures not recently seen in Mincing Lane. They talk of a substitute for rubber, and a German syndicate is at this hour declaring that it has found one. Scientists have tried for twenty years to produce a substitute for rubber, and several American syndicates have been formed and failed. They may produce a substitute, certainly: but can they produce it at the same price as rubber? We do not believe it; though it is obvious that the present price of rubber cannot be maintained, as there are so many trees coming into bearing every year. Messrs. Zorn and Leigh Hunt, stockbrokers, produce an excellent little book, giving all the information about tea and rubber companies, which every intending purchaser should buy. Among the new companies, the Rosehaugh Tea and Rubber Company is the most promising. It is the expansion of an old company which earned dividends of 30 per cent. on its ordinary shares. It is well worth while to study the position of this concern. In the miscellaneous market for home industrials there are many bargains to be picked up, in the shape of 5 per cent. debentures at a discount, and 6 per cent. preference shares.

INSURANCE.—COLONIAL LIFE OFFICES.

THE announcement that the Mutual Life Association of Australasia is amalgamating with the Citizens Life of Sydney suggests a statement of the pros and cons in regard to assuring in the various colonial life offices at present doing business in the United Kingdom. Some of these companies are unquestionably sound and strong, are excellently managed, issue attractive policies, and give good results to their policyholders. Speaking generally, the conditions for these colonial companies differ in some respects from those of the English and Scottish offices, and it is possible for a policyholder or an annuitant to take advantage of these variations. For the most part the expenses of management of the colonial companies are much larger than those of companies at home; in many cases the colonial offices spend more than 25 per cent. of the premium income for commission and expenses, while several of our home offices manage their business for 10 per cent. or less. The fact that 5s. out of each £1 is used for expenses in the one case, as compared with 2s. in the other, necessarily tends to make the returns under participating policies in colonial offices inferior to those of English and Scottish offices. Even after making allowances for the cost of obtaining a large new business, which is characteristic of colonial companies, and reckoning some gain to the policyholders from the improved mortality due to a large influx of recently examined lives, the fact remains that the colonial companies as a whole incur very heavy expenses which are by no means compensated for by improved mortality.

The colonial offices have, however, a real advantage over the home companies, due to the fact that they are able to earn a higher rate of interest upon their funds: it is easy to exaggerate this advantage. We have from time to time explained that the real test in this matter is not the actual rate of interest earned, but the difference between the rate of interest assumed in valuing the liabilities and the rate realised. If a company calculates its liabilities on a 2½ per cent. basis and earns 4 per cent., there is a margin of 1½ per cent. for security and for profit. If a company values at 3½ per cent. and earns 4½ per cent., there is a margin of only 1 per cent. for security and profit; and the company earning only 4 per cent. is stronger and likely to give better bonuses to its policyholders than a company earning 4½ per cent. There is, too, the probability that an office valuing its liabilities at 3½ per cent. will in the course of time have to adopt a 3 per cent. basis in valuing its liabilities, and whether the change from the one basis to the other is made quickly or slowly, surplus which but for the change of valuation basis would have been available for bonuses must be applied to strengthen the reserves.

Mainly for these reasons the ordinary life assurance policies of colonial offices do not compare favourably with those of the best of the English and Scottish companies. There are, however, certain of their contracts, such as annuities and children's endowments, which are more affected by the earning of a high rate of interest than by any question of a high rate of expenditure; these are non-profit contracts in no way dependent upon the amount of surplus earned, and which consequently can be sold by the colonial companies upon more favourable terms than English and Scottish companies can give.

In regard to some of the colonial offices doing business here, their status is so good that people can safely buy policies or annuities from them. For people unacquainted with the merits or demerits of particular companies there is one objection to be faced in assuring in a colonial office. If a company chooses to withdraw from the United Kingdom it can take all its assets with it; and if it fails to pay an English policyholder or annuitant, either through inability or on account of a dispute, legal proceedings to enforce the claim becomes an awkward business. The English law at present has no requirement that any security for British policyholders must be left in this country. The risk is real in regard to some offices: there is no risk at all as to others, but it is not unnatural that many people should upon these grounds hesitate to assure in or buy annuities from colonial companies.

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"JOLLY" is surely the right epithet for Mr. Oscar Asche's production of "As You Like It"; and I think one might, without risk of hyperbole, strengthen that epithet by the adverb "awfully". Yes, it is an awfully jolly affair, compact of good will and hard work and "go" and "snap" and "ginger". There is no shirking, no fumbling. Sharp's the word, and there isn't a dull moment. The whole thing is on a level with Mr. Asche's production of "The Taming of the Shrew". But that play is not, one must confess, on a level with "As You Like It". It is a capital farce, straightforward, full-blooded. But it is not, does not set out to be, a masterpiece of poetry. In "As You Like It" we have a delicate fantasy into which Shakespeare has breathed the very soul of spring. No other play is so fragrant, through and through, with young lyrical beauty. It is less like a play than like a lyric that has been miraculously prolonged to the length of a play without losing its airiness and its enchantment. If butterflies were gregarious, one would liken "As You Like It" to a swarm of butterflies all a-wing. I think it is rather a play for the reader's imagination than for the spectator's eyes and ears. What actual Rosalind, what actual Arden, could compete with the lady and the forest conjured up for us by the music of Shakespeare's words? Ah, let the butterflies hover in our imagination. Do not catch them for us. But, if catch them you will, be very tender with them. Rub off as little as you can of the bloom on their wings. As you are strong, be merciful.

Mr. Asche is strong, and I am sure he has meant to be merciful. Arden, as shown under his auspices, is a very beautiful place. But it is not, like Shakespeare's Arden, an enchanted place. It is "a lovely spot". One feels that it is mentioned by Baedeker, and reproduced in colour on picture post-cards. I see the knickerbockered tourist buying a pack of these bright missives at the village shop, and sending them off right and left to his best friends, with stylographic inscriptions: "This is where I am", "Glorious weather", "What's the matter with Arden?" and the like. I think it a pity that Mr. Ricketts, who designed the scenery for "Attila", was not recalled to insinuate something of fantasy and mystery into the sterling naturalism of Mr. Harker's work. To explain why I think so, let me submit an hypothesis. You are a young man, desperately in love with a young woman. Circumstances force you to betake yourself to a forest. There you meet the young woman in a suit of masculine clothes. But you have not the faintest suspicion that

it is she. You take her for a sympathetic gentleman, and confide to her the sorrow that is at your heart. You see her quite often, but never with an inkling of her identity. What think you of the hypothesis? You say it is a ludicrous one. Just so; and not less ludicrous seems the story of Rosalind and Orlando when it is enacted against a background that challenges, and successfully challenges, stark reality. Rosalind, we then feel, ought to be wearing a false beard and blue spectacles, and to be assuming a deep bass voice, in order to make the play verisimilar. Things have come to a pretty pass when we bother our heads about verisimilitude for such a dream as "As You Like It". As I have suggested, not the greatest genius in design could give us an Arden so good as the Arden dimly conceived by us when we read the play. But it would not be difficult to get an Arden better than Mr. Harker's. I am not one of those who think that the only possible backgrounds to poetic plays are of the highly-conventionalised type inaugurated by Mr. Craig and adapted by Mr. Ricketts. But assuredly Nature must not be slavishly reproduced, as by Mr. Harker it is.

Again, I am not one of those who would have dramatic expression, in poetic plays, utterly subordinated to the rhythm of the verse. I do not ask for monotonous chanting. But I think it essential that the rhythm of the verse should be recognisably preserved for us. And this can be done without any sacrifice of the verse's meaning. The greater part of "As You Like It" is in prose; and Shakespeare's prose has a rhythm as important, in its way, as the rhythm of his verse. To neither of these rhythms is enough importance attached by the players in "As You Like It". Perhaps if they were not munching apples quite so assiduously, the verse and the prose would stand a better chance. According to the modern doctor, apples are a splendidly wholesome diet, and I should not like the players to risk their health by abstaining. But I suggest that two-thirds or so of the fruit consumed on the stage might with advantage be consumed in the dressing-rooms. No doubt it is very natural that Jaques, for example, should be engaged on an apple while he describes the seven ages of man. No doubt the thoughts in that speech are not so profound that their thinker would have had to postpone his meal because of them. But I maintain that the speech is a beautifully written one, very vivid, quaint, and offering scope for great variety in enunciation. It ought to be given for all it is worth, and not in a series of grunts between mouthfuls. Was not Mr. Asche playing Frederick, some years ago, in the Benson company when Mr. Lyall Swete, as Jaques, enunciated the speech so tellingly? I have not forgotten Mr. Swete's performance, and I wonder that Mr. Asche can have managed to put it so completely out of his mind. Mr. Swete's personality was, of course, not incongruous with that of "Monsieur Melancholy"; and Mr. Asche's decidedly is. However sympathetically Mr. Asche might enter into the character, Nature would prevent him from seeming very like Jaques. Still he need not seem so utterly dissimilar as he does. He has a natural dignity, dignity unlike that of Jaques, but still dignity. Why should he so carefully discard it throughout the play, to substitute the manner of a "boer carousing"? Mr. Ainley, as Orlando, is not undignified, but he seems thoroughly afraid of the beauty of his part. He avoids lyric rapture as though it were the plague. There is no nonsense about "the quotidian of love upon" him. One would say that his occupation in the forest was not to "hang odes on hawthornes and elegies on brambles", but to find some fellow to challenge his catch-as-catch-can championship. It is very natural that a handsome actor, who sailed into fame as Paolo, should be anxious to escape the snares of sugariness and mawkishness into which handsome actors are apt to slip. And it is quite true that Orlando was a manly person. But Orlando was very much in love, lyrically so. And so long as Mr. Ainley eschews lyric rapture, he will not be Orlando. Miss Lily Brayton, as Rosalind, pays more attention than anyone else (except Mr. Brydone, as Adam) to the cadences of the verse and prose; and gives a very

clever, mettlesome performance, somewhat lacking in softness. Mr. Courtice Pounds is amusingly unctuous, yet light, as Touchstone. And I suppose that if I were an Elizabethan in the cock-pit, Miss Caldwell's Audrey would keep me in fits of laughter. Being what I am, I wish she would tone her performance down: it is very much too wantonly ugly. Audrey was a slut, but a slut of the woodland, not of the gin-palace. Mr. Brydone plays Adam with real imagination, pathos, and sense of beauty.

MAX BEERBOHM.

IDEAS OF DECORATION.

WRITING a fortnight ago about Roman sculpture and its distinctive characteristics I had no space to discuss one or two points which suggested themselves from a reading of Mrs. Strong's very interesting volume, and which it may be of interest to follow up a little further.

Mrs. Strong has emphasised the deep instinctive bent of the Roman artists towards naturalism; a bent shown not only in the arresting life-likeness of their portraits, but in their treatment of plants and flowers. Greek art kept to a few chosen forms of plant life, and these it subdued to conventions which should harmonise with architecture; but in Roman art, not only is there much more of nature's variety, but much more of natural form. Professor Wickhoff has even compared the decorative art of Rome with the decorative art of Japan. Here is a point of no mere historical or archaeological interest. For even to-day we find in the decoration which modern designers produce, all over Europe, the two opposed tendencies at work. Sometimes the one gets the upper hand, sometimes the other. After a riot of naturalism, we swing back to the severe restriction of the Greeks. And then the inborn love of natural life in flower and leaf brings back the recurring revolt. That Professor Wickhoff's comparison of Roman art to Japanese does not go very deep is apparent when we consider what a new sensation the disclosure of Japanese design has been to Europe. Japan has indeed introduced into the decorative art of the West a world of new ideas, though Europeans have been more eager superficially to imitate effects than to penetrate the secret by which those effects were made. I wonder how much of the Art Nouveau which has affrighted our eyes in many a modern exhibition is due to enthusiastic misunderstanding of the art of Korin, Watteau's unguessed-at contemporary in the closed island-empire of the Far East? But let us leave this question of the Japanese for the moment, and return to the more familiar types of decoration in Europe.

The opposition already mentioned between the trend of Greek design in ornament and the trend of Roman design is but one phase of an opposition which takes us to the root of all art. For all art conveys in varying proportion ideas of order and ideas of energy or freedom. Linear design in its most rudimentary form contains these ideas in the contrast of free curve and straight line; and in pictorial art these ideas are at once combined and contrasted—the straight lines and regular curves of man's making and the free lines of nature's; the direct lines of road and wall and tower cutting the sinuosity of streams, the fret of leaf and branch, the melting contour of the clouds. Perfect art holds the dual elements in equilibrium. When the instinct or conscious enthusiasm for order gets the upper hand, the result appears in what we call the classical temper and the classical tradition, degenerating into the timidities, repressions, and formalities of the academic spirit. When the passion for freedom and the uncurbed energy of nature rises in triumphant revolt, an opposite spirit prevails in art, appearing sometimes as romance, sometimes as naturalism. But neither element can really live or have power without the other. For it is ideas of life which the finest art communicates; or, as we may say, the hint and promise of a living ideal.

Now, if we take this particular question of the treatment in art, for decorative purposes, of the forms of vegetation, the instinct which prompts us to employ these forms is the instinct of delight in the beauty which

plant and flower possess in such purity and such variety, an instinct almost universal. "All noble ornament", says Ruskin, "is the expression of man's delight in God's work." Yet if, carried away by this instinct, we decorate a wall or a piece of stuff with naturalistic studies, allowing the free play of nature's growth, we are at once offended. What is wrong? Our sense for order has not been satisfied. And in art which is decorative, that is, which is not concerned with the representation of things, which aims at soothing rather than stimulating, order should be the predominant element. How then is this desire for the harmony of order to be reconciled with the other desire, equally natural and universal, to weave into the decoration of our houses that delight in the beauty of living forms and colours which means so much to us? We can take these living forms, bend and subdue them to serve the cause of abstract order, by fitting them into some geometrical pattern. We may strip their shapes of all accident and irregularity, and reduce them to a system of abstract lines and curves. But the conventionalising process is apt to become a mere perversion, not only a rubbing-off of the bloom and charm of living growth, but a process of paralysis; as we know by experience in the stale rigidities of ornament consecrated to the degenerate style, called Greek, on which Ruskin poured the eloquence of his ridicule. Better certainly to use quite abstract forms than perversions which remind us of nothing of what gives us our delight in the real forms of nature. Yet, however much it admits the naturalistic element in decoration, European art has never discovered a way to dispense with a geometric basis. It is haunted with the idea of symmetry. Nature is very rarely symmetrical; but the human body is a pre-eminent example of the principle, and in European art the human form is the central subject. The beauty of the human form has set a standard, and influenced, I think, the treatment of the world of forms outside it.

Now, in the art of the Far East, the human body has never been treated for its own sake, and is not the central subject. Landscape has set the type; and even where figures only form the subject, it is with the mutual relation of the figures that the art is concerned rather than with the beauty of the forms themselves. This is true of the painting even of quite early times. And in the decorative art of Japan we find the same study of mutual relation controlling design; the artist starts with this idea, not with the study of some actual individual form of plant or flower which is to be fitted into a given space. Symmetry, the geometric basis, are discarded. Instead of this we find a system of balance, "the pivot of all art" as Rodin has called it. This is the system which European artists have pursued, not in decoration, but in the painting of pictures. The Japanese, by centuries of study and practice, have gone far beyond us in this. They will make floral designs which seem to retain all the delicacy, the sensitive grace, the living lines of nature's flowers; and yet, if one takes or adds from the design ever so little, the balance is destroyed. It is just this fine balance, controlling the whole, which satisfies our desire for harmony and order. This is one reason why Japanese decoration is able to be pictorial, to introduce landscape and all kinds of natural features, without offending. Indeed, with the Japanese there is no sharp dividing line between decorative and pictorial art. One reason has just been given. Another reason springs from the same underlying cause; and this is the absence of that tendency which Professor Wickhoff and Mrs. Strong point out as already potent in Roman sculpture, the tendency to emphasise relief, and to aim at the effect of illusion. Asiatic painting ignores cast shadows. It is always concerned with the idea of an object rather than with the object itself. Many of us will have noticed how a wall-paper with a floral pattern repels and looks wrong when shadows are introduced, and how it gains at once if the same pattern is printed, as sometimes happens, without the shadows. Yet all through European art there is this strong instinctive tendency to realise the material shapes of things as an aim desirable for its own sake, and with it the danger of losing the idea in the object. Whatever likeness, then, such creations as the Rose

Pillar of the tomb of the Haterii may suggest between Roman art and Japanese, the likeness soon comes to an end on deeper inquiry. Assuredly the art of Japan can teach us valuable lessons. Yet I, for one, hope that we shall not throw over our own traditions in decoration, even though we may admit that the Far East has, on its own lines, done more wonderful things. What suits Japanese architecture does not suit our totally different and far more massive style of building; and it is by architecture that decoration must always be governed. We can learn from the inner spirit of Japanese work; but imitation of its external character will only lead to futility and caprice.

But enough of theorising. The autumn season, with its hundred exhibitions, is upon us. One of the first to open is the New Dudley Gallery, with a collection of paintings and water-colours by James Stark and his son Arthur Stark. James Stark was, as we all know, a pupil of Crome, and is known chiefly by paintings which follow the later Hobbema-influenced phase of his master's art. Though much of his work is undistinguished, he could at times, like most of the Norwich men, do fine things. This exhibition should not be missed, if only for one or two water-colours, especially the "Near Bolton" (No. 51), and some body-colour sketches on the Norfolk Coast, which have no tinge of the mannerisms of their time, and are full of light and air, largely seen and dexterously done. None of his son's work seems so fresh.

LAURENCE BINYON.

ANTIQUITIES OF CRETE.*

LE titre de l'ouvrage est un peu trompeur. Plus d'un croira, en ouvrant ce livre, qu'il va faire connaissance avec les admirables découvertes de Cnossos et de Phaestos, dont la renommée a pénétré jusque dans les cercles mondains. En réalité, le travail de M. Burrows sera surtout profitable à ceux qui sont déjà au courant de l'ensemble des trouvailles, pour avoir visité le Musée de Candie ou pour avoir lu les mémoires de MM. Arthur Evans, Mackenzie, Hogarth dans l' "Annual of the British School at Athens" ou dans le "Journal of Hellenic Studies", les articles de MM. Halbherr et Pernier, Paribeni, Savignoni, dans les "Monumenti Antichi" de Rome. Les "Discoveries in Crete" ne contiennent aucune description des monuments; les quatre planches du volume reproduisent seulement deux vases à figures sculptées, une petite carte de Crète, une coupe des fouilles de Cnossos et un plan du palais découvert par M. Evans. Le sous-titre indique mieux la véritable portée du livre. Quelle place occupent ces découvertes dans l'histoire de la civilisation antique? C'est un ouvrage historique, conçu et exécuté par un savant familiarisé avec les hauts problèmes d'érudition et armé par de vastes lectures. Après l'avoir lu, on sait beaucoup plus de choses qu'avant et l'on s'est posé beaucoup de questions. En compagnie de l'auteur, on a fait le tour de la plupart des sujets qui se présentent dans cet immense et nouveau domaine ouvert à la science moderne. Son œuvre est éminemment suggestive.

Le plan adopté ne serait pas à l'abri de toute critique. Après un exposé général des trouvailles faites à Cnossos, Phaestos, Hagia-Triada, Zakro, Gournia, etc., on revient au début de la civilisation crétoise et à l'âge néolithique, puis on suit les différents stades du développement artistique caractérisé par ce qu'on est convenu d'appeler "early Minoan" I, II, III, "middle Minoan" I, II, III, "late Minoan" I, II, III. Le "middle Minoan" II est interrompu par un chapitre sur la chronologie égyptienne et les discussions auxquelles elle a donné lieu. Viennent ensuite cinq chapitres où sont envisagées des questions générales: le mythe du Labyrinthe et du Minotaure, les rapports de la Crète avec l'Orient, les ressemblances entre le crétois et l'art de l'Europe Centrale, le problème homérique. Ces différents sujets se présentent successivement, comme au fil d'une causerie, sans être enfermés dans le cadre d'une composition systématique, mais tous sont d'un

* "The Discoveries in Crete and their Bearing on the History of Ancient Civilisation." By Ronald M. Burrows. London: Murray, 1907. 5s.

vif intérêt et traités dans un esprit de large curiosité scientifique, qui s'associe à une raison sagement équilibrée : on ne s'égare pas dans les vaines rêveries où d'autres sont tombés à propos des antiquités crétoises.

M. Burrows est persuadé, avec M. Evans, que le Palais de Cnossos représente le légendaire Labyrinthe, mais il n'admet pas l'explication du "Palais de la Double Hache", fondée sur la ressemblance du mot carien "labrus" avec la racine contenue dans "labyrinthe". Il préfère, avec le professeur Conway, le mettre en relations avec "lavra" ou "laura" qui a le sens de passage, corridor, et qui a donné "lavreion" et "laureion"; d'où le Laurion attique, la mine avec ses multiples circuits. Certains monastères grecs portent encore le nom de "labrai" ou "laurai"; undes couvents du Mont Athos s'appelle Lavra. L'idée est ingénieuse et mérite considération, mais elle ne peut détruire ce fait essentiel que le Zeus Labrandeus, debout sur un taureau et armé de la double hache, est sûrement issu de la religion crétoise. Il est donc encore plus tentant de rapprocher les mots "labrus" et "labra" de la Double Hache. Ce qui caractérisait par excellence le Palais de Cnossos, ce n'était pas la multitude des couloirs et des passages, qu'on devait trouver dans tous les palais orientaux, égyptiens, chaldéens et assyriens; n'était-ce pas plutôt la répétition du signe de la Double Hache, dont les ruines nous ont conservé tant d'exemples?

Pour le Minotaure, M. Burrows explique fort bien que ce mythe est purement hellénique, et non crétois, qu'il naquit probablement de la vue des monuments de Cnossos, interprétés par l'imagination des Grecs. L'histoire du tribut payé par Athènes et la victoire finale de Thésée trouvent leur sens réel dans la coutume crétoise des "corridas", où des toréadors, hommes et femmes, choisis sans doute parmi les captifs ou les tributaires des autres pays, combattaient le taureau au péril de leur vie.

Le chapitre sur la Crète et l'Orient ne fera aucun plaisir aux partisans de la théorie du "mirage oriental", que d'ailleurs M. Burrows ne semble pas connaître. Tout en proclamant bien haut, avec tout le monde, le mérite et l'originalité foncière de l'art crétois, l'auteur observe que toutes sortes d'éléments de cette civilisation insulaire existaient déjà en Asie à une époque antérieure, par exemple le système des poids, la construction en voûte, les procédés de drainage par des tuyaux de terre cuite, l'emploi des tablettes d'argile pour écrire, les cultes de la colombe, de l'arbre et du pilier sacré, etc.; il serait possible même que le code chaldéen du roi Hammourabi eût influencé les lois crétoises, recueillies plus tard par les Doriens de Gortyne. Je suis heureux de voir se propager une idée que j'ai pour ma part soutenue dans un article resté également inconnu à M. Burrows, et où j'avais cru devoir amicalement reprocher à M. Evans de regarder toujours du côté de l'Égypte et de ne pas voir suffisamment les parentés asiatiques ("Revue de Paris", mars 1902). M. Burrows fait une remarque fine et juste : c'est qu'au sujet de ces accointances on n'a même pas besoin de parler des emprunts de la Crète à l'Orient; le royaume de Minos faisait en réalité partie intégrante de l'Orient, comme Constantinople aujourd'hui. L'art oriental s'y est développé avec ses qualités personnelles et distinctives, parallèlement à l'action qu'il exerçait en Mésopotamie ou en Égypte, et où il produisait des résultats analogues, mais non identiques.

Sur la question des races, l'auteur se montre assez sceptique, et là encore je me suis trouvé d'accord avec lui (*art. cité*, p. 173). Il sera toujours difficile de faire sortir des notions précises de ce que les anciens appelaient Pélasges, Lélèges, Achéens, Danaens, &c. Mais on peut attendre davantage des monuments et des observations faites sur les tombes contemporaines. Les crânes dolichocéphales et brachycéphales, la taille et la structure des hommes dans les œuvres de sculpture et de peinture, leur costume, la forme des épées, l'écriture et les inscriptions, fournissent des données qu'on regrette de trouver encore trop incertaines, mais qui nous acheminent peu à peu vers une théorie d'ensemble. L'élément dominant serait une race à peau brune et à tête longue, mélange de peuples d'Asie Mineure, d'Européens du sud et de Libyens, qui aurait dominé dans tout le bassin de la Méditerranée. De leur côté, les envahisseurs qui vinrent, vers le XV^e

siècle avant notre ère, ruiner l'empire crétois, étaient-ils des Grecs purs? C'est peu probable. M. Petrie a fait remarquer avec raison combien est fausse l'idée si répandue que dans les temps préhistoriques les races étaient homogènes. Aussi haut que l'on remonte, l'émigration et les mélanges sont choses fréquentes. Tout ce que l'on peut dire, c'est que ces peuplades conquérantes descendent du nord, que la civilisation dite "mycénienne" est en plusieurs points notablement différente de la civilisation crétoise et qu'après avoir pris contact avec les Insulaires, les envahisseurs subirent eux-mêmes l'éclat et la force du monde qu'ils venaient détruire : de là les filiations qui ont subsisté dans la société hellénique, comme l'écriture, la monnaie, certains détails d'architecture, le décor céramique peint et maints éléments du culte religieux.

L'étude des ressemblances entre le système ornemental des Crétois et la période néolithique des autres pays fournit matière à des comparaisons intéressantes. Ici encore quelques lacunes : les travaux de M. S. Reinach et d'autres savants français sur l'art de l'Europe Centrale ne sont pas mentionnés. L'auteur insiste sur le caractère de beauté véritable que présentent certaines poteries de la Galicie, de la Russie Méridionale et de la Bessarabie, dont la polychromie et les dessins en spirales ou même en figures d'animaux rappellent la céramique crétoise. Faut-il donc croire que ces régions avaient subi l'influence de la Crète? Ou bien sont-ce les races du nord et de l'est qui ont importé leur système décoratif dans les îles? M. Burrows a bien raison de se ranger à l'avis du Dr. Hoernes qui croit à la création de formules ornementales se formant parallèlement dans des centres différents et se développant indépendamment les uns des autres. J'ai soutenu la même thèse dans mon "Catalogue des Vases du Louvre" (pp. 251-255). M. Burrows n'a pas pensé à faire appel à une comparaison dont il aurait trouvé tous les éléments dans une publication en langue anglaise (B. Moore, "Certain Aboriginal Mounds of the Florida", 1903), et qui lui aurait montré en Amérique, dans la céramique de la Floride, des dessins en spirales, en incisions et en grecques, tout semblables à ceux de Crète et de Grèce. Il est pourtant bien évident que les indigènes d'Amérique n'avaient pas pris de leçons des Européens.

Sur la question homérique, l'auteur est partisan de la doctrine de l'évolution plutôt que de celle de l'unité. Il pense que les découvertes de Cnossos et de Phaestos favorisent plus la première que la seconde. Les Phéaciens et leur roi Alkinoos sont sûrement, à son avis, les Minoens de Crète. On peut supposer que les premiers poèmes grecs, inspirés par la gloire du royaume crétois, furent créés et chantés par des hommes qui avaient entendu parler des beautés de cette civilisation comme de réalités vivantes, peut-être même qui avaient visité ces palais et vu ces monuments comme soldats mercenaires ou comme aventuriers et flibustiers. Il est vrai néanmoins que les souvenirs homériques contiennent encore plus de faits et d'allusions se rapportant à la période postérieure, à l'âge du fer qui suivit la destruction de l'empire crétois; il y a donc eu des couches successives. Remarquons encore ici que l'auteur ne semble pas avoir lu le livre de M. Bréal ("Pour mieux connaître Homère"), dont on ne peut plus se passer pour l'étude de ces problèmes et qui explique par des arguments très plausibles l'unité foncière des poèmes qui nous sont parvenus.

D'une façon générale, on voit que le seul reproche à faire à ce livre plein d'intérêt, c'est, malgré l'abondance et la richesse des lectures, un certain défaut d'informations sur les ouvrages relatifs aux questions envisagées, questions d'ailleurs si vastes et si souvent discutées qu'on ne doit pas trop s'étonner de ces lacunes. Il est clair que l'auteur connaît mieux les ouvrages anglais que ceux des savants allemands ou français. J'en pourrais encore citer d'autres preuves : par exemple les théories de M. Furtwaengler sur les origines de l'art mycénien ("Gemma", iii. p. 13 et suiv.) comme les travaux de M. Blinkenberg ("Antiquités prémycéniennes", 1896) sont passés sous silence. Quoi qu'il en soit de ces réserves, nous ne terminerons pas sans dire que ce livre doit être mis en très bonne place dans la bibliothèque de tous ceux qui s'occupent de la Crète du roi Minos.

E. POTTIER.

MY GARDEN AND AVIARY.—III.

IN the jungle in the paddock where the hanging boughs of the oaks intermingle with dank elder and matted bramble, there is the soft murmur of a rill, bursting out of the bank like a landspring and slightly tainted with sewage. Birds of all kinds would take to that thicket anyhow, where they can breed and build in safety from the bird-nester, but the water and the dense shade are irresistible attractions. Thither a pair of nightingales come year after year, and once, without trespassing unduly on the privacy, I had the luck to happen on their nest. In this ungenial year they have been unwontedly silent, but on the rare occasions when the chill has been off the weather the male's vespere serenade made up for lost time. Then the frogs in the ditch, roused to emulation, chimed in, to take the bass in the concert. I rather like the croaking note of the Dutch nightingales, and you know besides that they are death on the obnoxious flies. As years go on and the skin turns to parchment, the gnats and midges cease to bother one, but the plague of flies on a sultry noon makes you sympathise with the Egyptians in their third infliction. The same persistent fly will keep you company on a five miles' tramp, invariably settling on the same identical spot. And they are eminently sociable when with a favourite book you have heaped rugs and cushions on the garden seat in the nook of a shrubbery on the lawn. Though then you have other and more agreeable distractions and you take a personal interest in the chases of the fly-catchers who nest in the creepers and ivy on the house. Those lively and restless little fellows, in perpetual motion, are the humming-birds of our northern latitudes. Always on the flight or the flutter, they will perch for a second or two on rail or twig, only to be off again before they have well settled. Their day is one continual fly-feast, where dance and dinner are interpolated with dessert on the saccharine coating below the leaves of the acacias. Though far from shy, the fly-catchers keep their distance, but if you often resort to that seat you strike up a friendship with the robin. If the robins had familiarised themselves with the moral of the "Babes in the Wood", they could not be more confiding. The very village urchins, for whom nothing is sacred, have a superstitious regard for the robin and the wren. My friendly robin signals his presence by a chirp, expecting the bread-crumbs I carry in my pocket. Then he drops on the grass, head well on one side, and hops forward to within easy arm's reach. A hasty movement may send him into the rose-bushes, but even the dogs have no terrors for him, and when they are hunting in their dreams he will listen with interest. Naturally enough the wren was mated with the robin in the old nursery songs and in popular adage. She is the type of shrinking femininity, mignonne in person, modest in attire, and so timorous of man that if you put a finger in her nest she invariably deserts it. I know there are wrens about, for I see their nests, but it is seldom I catch a glimpse of the tiny shadows flitting through the bushes to skulk between the honeysuckles and the golden S. John's wort. The robin, on the contrary, is the bold outlaw of the merry greenwood: free and independent as any citizen of the Wild West, and pugnacious as any blackcock. The chaffinch is almost as quarrelsome, but he keeps more to himself. The robin frequents the lawn, but you must look for the chaffinch in the orchard. Of all your birds he is perhaps the master builder, and the nest is in such picturesque harmony with the grey surroundings that though not actually hidden it is never easy to distinguish. There it is, with its covering of moss, in the fork of the mossy apple-tree, with its delicately spotted eggs on the soft lining of feathers and horsehair. The chaffinch builds leisurely, doing the interweaving of the materials with infinite pains; but his over-anxiety as to secrecy is apt to defeat itself, for the cry of alarm will guide you to the discovery. I wish the bullfinch was a more frequent visitor, though there is no denying that if you are fond of cherries and plums his room is more desirable than his company. It is all very well to argue that he means well, and that he is in quest of insects when he is nipping off your fruit-buds, but the result is the same when hopes are blighted. Even

more rare are the visits of the goldfinch, a wanderer who only turns up at long intervals. Like the gypsy he leads an unsophisticated life, and a wealth of weeds is what specially attracts him. One winter there was a rare growth of thistle and ragweed in the paddock, which, as usual, had been left absolutely untrimmed. And one morning a flight of goldfinches had settled down on it, to stay till they had made a clean sweep of the seeds. By the way, I had almost forgotten my water wagtails, as great friends as the robins, though they never permit similar familiarity. Year after year there is a pair of them; they are always there, and there are never more. Except from Highland legend as to the years of the eagle, we have no authentic knowledge of the age of birds; but I have often speculated as to whether these wagtails are the identical couple that, some thirty years ago, "hanselled" the garden. Anyhow, their ways of living are the same, and they are as much at home as I am. In age, according to the Highlanders, the owl comes next to the eagle and the salmon. Before the nightingale has hushed his song of an evening I often hear the hooting of the owls, and as I wend my way homeward in the dusk for a late dinner they often come flitting across my path hunting for field mice, and quartering the fields like a well-trained pointer. I love the sound of the wild shriek that marks their devious course, and no bird has been more misjudged by the poets, who should have had more sympathy with his moods. Gray, for example, sings of "The moping owl that to the moon complains". On the contrary, though the night cry sounds eerie in the gloaming he is a cheery fellow, as full of jest and mirth and frolic as Falstaff. But he sleeps through the day, and like many another good companion is at his best in the small hours. Like Shallow, he loves to hear the chimes at midnight, and like Sheridan he gets lively when the humour takes him and now and again, when intoxicated with the night air, you should hear him laugh. I wish I saw more of another bird of the night, but though the nightjars, the fern owls, the goatsuckers—the victims of superstition, they have an infinity of aliases—abound on the charts above, they seldom visit my aviary. Coming down through the woods, when the shadows are falling, the fir-glades are resonant with their jarring note, and they are flitting spectre-like across the path, industriously hawking the night moths and winged beetles. They say they are shy of man, and in the ordinary way they may be so. But once when I stood musing in the moonlight in a churchyard, like Gray, and meditating like Hervey among the village tombs, a pair almost fanned my cheek with their pinions, to settle on the boundary fence within a half-dozen yards of me. There they lay flat-breasted on the rail: I caught their eyes and I knew they saw me, but I tired before they did and scared them by walking off. Scott in his Journals tells a pitiful story of how in boyhood he wantonly threw a stone at a dog. He broke the poor animal's leg: it crawled up to lick his hand and he never forgot it. A similar atrocity perpetrated on the harmless nightjar lies heavy on my conscience and ever will. A girl had asked me to get her a nightjar's wing for her hat, and, in weak complaisance with a cruel fashion I detest, I consented. I see the scene of the tragedy now, in the bracken-bed on the skirts of a pheasant covert we were beating. I picked up the bird, with its wide mouth feebly gaping for its last faint breaths, and its eyes as beautiful and as reproachful as those of the dying roe, and I swore I would never again be guilty of such an enormity.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

"CHILL OCTOBER."

THE authority of genius has fixed the epithet; and, indeed, in those "climes beyond the solar road" where Millais stalked and sketched, it is painfully appropriate. Poetry is even less kind than painting to a beautiful month, for "wet October's torrent flood" is surely a libel; unless one happens to have lived in some very low-lying valley, during an exceptionally rainy autumn.

Quite different, and infinitely more cheerful, are the visions which the word "October" calls up before my mental gaze. I was reared in the South Midlands, just where Bedfordshire lies ensconced between Bucks and Herts; and, as I look down the vista which reaches back from to-day to youth and boyhood and childhood, October seems to stand out from the rest of the months with a brightness and a beauty all its own.

One of the best bits of landscape-painting in English prose is the chapter in which Tom Hughes conducts his readers to the top of White Horse Hill, and, bidding them look down on Berkshire and Wiltshire, describes the scenery and recalls the annals of the countryside. There is a feeling in the air to-day which suggests a similar excursion. Let us run down, one bright October morning, from Euston to Tring; and then, plunging into the recesses of the Chilterns, we will make our way to the secluded township from which Sir Walter borrowed his name of *Ivanhoe*; and then, if our legs and lungs and hearts are sound, we will climb to the top of the far-seen Beacon, and surrender ourselves to the influences of sun and air and boundless space, and "the gorgeous but melancholy beauty of the sunlit autumnal landscape." Close at our feet is the tapering spire of Leighton Beaudesert; and beyond it a long, flat plain of mingled grass and arable, richly wooded, and dotted everywhere with church-towers, like knots in net-work. Twelve miles off lies the huge circumference of Woburn Park, marked out by its belt of woods from the surrounding stubbles; and, beyond, the rich, low vale of Bedford, melting away into the horizon like a misty sea. It is, as Tom Hughes said of the White Horse, "a place to open a man's soul, and make him prophesy, as he looks down on that great vale spread out as the garden of the Lord before him, and wave on wave of the mysterious downs behind."

But the prophetic tendency is rudely interrupted, and we are recalled to the realities of things by the sharp crack of a breechloader close by. Lord Brownlow is shooting the covers of Ashridge Park, which, ever since my favourite *Gazetteer* was published (in 1773) has been "a fit habitation for those who delight in hunting and fowling"—especially fowling. I wish I knew Lord Brownlow; for, though I have no aptitude for the sports of the barbarians, I should like to join his party, and pursue my leisurely way through that glorious forest of beechwood, just now in flame-like splendour, towards the Bridgewater Obelisk, from whose summit I could catch the apex of Harrow Spire; for then I could fancy myself a schoolboy again, in football fields bright with sere and yellowing leaves, rejoicing (only this quite secretly) that the "Goose Match" has brought the tyranny of cricket to an end. But I must not affix myself to the Ashridge shooting-party, for I am bound in the opposite direction; and I must not spare more than a transient glance for the Vale of Aylesbury on my left, with Brill on the sky-line, and, beyond Brill, the Queen of Cities, where the blood-red creeper is just beginning to dye the Founder's Tower at Magdalen, and a new generation of "young barbarians" is entering on its four years of play. Reminiscences are all very well in their way, but to-day I am "personally conducting" my fellow-tourist, and I must choose the spots where he can most pleasantly spend St. Luke's too-brief summer.

We descend from the Beacon with cautious steps, for the hard-baked chalk, masked with short brown turf, is slippery; and, once safe at the bottom, we plan our journey and choose our conveyance. What shall that conveyance be? Not legs—the way to be travelled is too long. Not a dog-cart, for our path across the meadows will lead us over stiles or through narrow bridle-gates. Not bicycles, for we shall never touch a turnpike-road except to cross it; and we shall have to traverse heath, and sand, and miry woodland ways. Not a motor—ten thousand times no!—for we are close to Markyate Street, where motorists are held in just abomination, and besides, in two hours we shall have whisked through Bedfordshire, and never set eyes on its coy beauties. No, there is only one possible conveyance for our tour, and that is a horse—preferably, for we are cockneys, a horse akin to

the Convent-Mare in "*Ivanhoe*", "which cannot but be tractable, in respect that she draweth much of our winter fire-wood, and eateth no corn"—a horse which has learnt the vital accomplishment of standing still when required to do so—a horse which will not shy when a cock-pheasant gets up under his nose, and will not try to bolt as soon as he feels turf under his feet. If my memory serves me, we shall find the sort of mount we want at Cheddington or Leighton; and now the world is all before us where to choose. For the next hour or two, we shall be really living, and drinking the delight of life through all our senses. The sky above us is a dome of turquoise; the grass under our feet is still green, and beginning to be soft. The hedgerows and woodlands seem decked with amber and topaz and ruby, and the heavy drops of last night's dew flash like a diamond necklace. The horses are going freely, yet not pulling an ounce; and, to all the sweet smells of earth and vegetation, there is added, when we near the abodes of men, the winsome odour of brewing. If we are in luck, and have made a very early start, we may meet the Whaddon Chace hounds returning from cub-hunting, and what a rush of memories overtakes us then! Breakfast at seven in "rat-catcher" costume; a horse made comfortably slack by autumnal languor; a plunge into a thick wood, cold and invigorating as the morning bath; endless gallops up and down deep green rides, or across commons where the heather still lingers, and the gorse is just in bloom. No fences; no risks; no imputations of cowardice; but only genial exercise in surroundings of Paradise. Such was cub-hunting, as I remember it; and the remembrance prompts all sorts of plausible hypocrisies as we exchange salutations with Mr. Selby Lowndes. "Plenty of the animal about, I hope?" "Ah! that's all right!" "The hedges must be fearfully blind still." "Pretty hard going in places, I suppose." "Well—King's Wood is always soft." "I always say there's no pleasure in riding when you come home with your boots not splashed"—and so on till we part company at Stock Grove, or Rushmere, or Heath, and cross Watling Street at Sheep Lane or Little Brickhill.

If we can spare an hour for Buckinghamshire, we shall find ourselves, at "The Shire Oak," in a boundless contiguity of Scotch fir, the pink bark giving off, under the joint influence of dew and sun, its fascinating smell: with picturesque scraps of heather and common, the blackberry bushes all red and yellow in the hedges, and the bill-berry bushes under foot. And then, just across the high road to Northampton, we are in Bedfordshire again, in a genuine bit of virgin forest, where beech and birch and mountain ash display their strong rivalry of colour, and the adder makes his dwelling in the thick black loam.

And now, emerging from the wood, and bending to the right, we reach the outskirts of Woburn Park, happily for us cockneys intersected by Rights of Way which neither landlords nor agents

"Nor all that is at enmity with joy
Can utterly abolish or destroy".

Huge stretches of smooth turf, right and left of the main road, invite to prohibited gallops; and, as we reach the upper grounds, we find ourselves in a glade which Doré might have drawn, "with sheddings of the pining umbrage tinged," under a double avenue of tawny beech, where the red deer, and the great white Russian stags, stand shaking their insolent antlers at the intruder, in patches of brown bracken five foot high.

Now we are out of the Park, by Froxfield Gate, and a horseman who knows the country can lead you, "by wily turns and desperate bounds," past the Cross Roads and the Warren, to the once-royal park of Amphill, where oaks, too old for ship-building when the Protector commandeered them, are putting on their russet livery yet once more; and thence again, always by high meadow ways, with Crawley Brook (which once all but closed over the head of that loved Lycidas the Prince Regent) glittering under the hillside, to stately Wrest, where the Italian garden, beneath an Italian sky, glows with all the jewels of the Apocalypse and all the hues of the rainbow.

So much for "chill October"; but the day draws in, and the glory begins to fade; and the horses have travelled an unconscionable way since they left their stables. So we see them comfortably bestowed for the night at the wayside inn, and take the Midland train at Flitwick, close to the smallest and oldest park in Bedfordshire. Within two hours I shall be sitting, dressed for dinner, in Pall Mall, toasting my toes by the club-fire, and thinking how nice it would be if one could be young again.

URBANUS.

CHESS.

THE CARLSBAD CHAMPION.

THE subjoined game from the recent tournament at Carlsbad shows us a novelty in the very beginning. While we may regret its non-success, we can commend the boldness of the experiment.

A word should first be said about Rubinstein of Lodz, the first-prize winner, who by his play during the last two years has indisputably established his position among the really big men of the chess world. His style reveals a patient subtlety and depth, showing analytical powers out of the common. There is no attempt to "rush" his antagonist, but the opponent's game inevitably withers away under the relentless accuracy of his schemes. Like all great players he divines instinctively when to sacrifice and when to curb the impulse, and his fine judgment in giving up the exchange against Maroczy, the second-prize winner, brought its own reward in securing him a draw, albeit fortune perhaps helped him a little here.

A grim determination to win, too, pulled him through more than once, and the mixture of sheer will-power and calculation—a great quality in these days of drawing masters—served him as well as it served Dr. Zukertort in 1883. Rubinstein, together with most of the best players of our time, is of the Jewish persuasion.

A special word should be added about Meinzowitch, one of his fellow-countrymen, only nineteen years of age, who so distinguished himself both here and at Ostend. He is quick, brilliant and full of surprising resources, and had the satisfaction of beating the first-prize winner.

The total eclipse of some of the older masters, whose names are household words, need not cause undue surprise, and it is clear that with so much talent abroad there must be a rearrangement as regards the order of precedence.

CENTRE-COUNTER GAMBIT.

White	Black	White	Black
Tartakover	F. J. Marshall	Tartakover	F. J. Marshall
1. P-K4	P-Q4	3. P-Q4	. . .
2. P x P	Kt-KB3		

The move generally regarded as best and adopted by Morphy against Anderssen. Of late, however, there has been a tendency to return to the older move of 3. B-Kt5 ch, in vogue in the time of Buckle and Der Lasa, and it certainly appears to hamper black's development. For a player content to mark time the opening is good enough for a draw, particularly the variation where black retakes the pawn at once in lieu of bringing out his knight, and Mieses' brilliant exploitation of this variation recently has given it a new lease of life.

3. . . . Kt x P 4. P-QB4 Kt-Kt5

This is the unusual move mentioned above in place of retreating the knight to KB3, as in the Morphy game. The move was analysed in America some years ago and was extensively investigated by the late D. M. Latta, a strong amateur of the Edinburgh Chess Club. Apart from the obvious threat of Q x P! the move invites the unwary to try Q-R4 ch, whereupon QKt-B3! and if white then essays the plausible P-Q5 black has all the elements of a promising counter-attack, as the piece cannot safely be won immediately. But, of course, the move on general grounds is against

the "principles". White's fifth move is no doubt best.

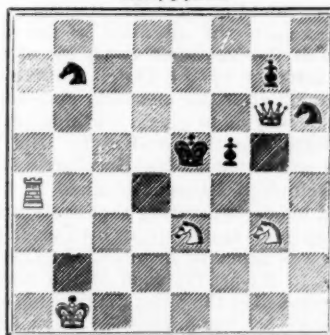
5. P-QR3	KKt-B3	14. Castles KR	Kt-B3
6. B-K3	P-K4	15. QR-Q1	Q-Q2
7. P-Q5	Kt-K2	16. P-QKt4	Q-Kt5
8. Kt-KB3	Kt-Kt3	17. P-B4	Kt-R5
9. Q-B2	B-KKt5	18. Kt-Kt3	B-Q3
10. B-K2	Kt-Q2	19. P-KB5	P-KKt3
11. Kt-B3	B-K2	20. Kt(B3)-K4	B-K2?
12. Kt-KKt1!	B x B	21. P-R3	. . .
13. KKt x B	Castles		

"At chess they vie to captivate the queen", Homer tells us through Pope, and here the intention is fairly plain. Black had already, however, compromised his position by his eagerness to attack, and now pays the penalty. He makes, perhaps, the best of a bad bargain and gets some compensation, but the loose formation of his forces tells against any sustained effort, and it is clear he must presently succumb.

21. . . .	Kt x Kt	25. P-B5	P-KKt4
22. P x Q	Kt x Kt	26. B x P	Kt-Kt3
23. P-B6	Kt x R	27. P x B	P x P
24. R x Kt	B-Q3	28. Q-Q3 and wins	

PROBLEM 125. By OTTO WÜRZBURG
(of Michigan, U.S.A.).

Black, 5 pieces.



White, 5 pieces.

White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM 126. By L. VESTESNIK.—White (5 pieces) : K-KB2, Q-KB1, Kts on KB8 and K4, P-KKt3. Black (5 pieces) : K-KB4, B-KR1, Ps on K4, Q4 and QB4. White mates in three moves.

KEY TO PROBLEM 119 : K(Kt6)-R7

"	"	120 : R-Q8
"	"	121 : R-R3 ch
"	"	122 : Q-R8
"	"	123 : Q-B4
"	"	124 : Q-K8

CORRESPONDENCE.

"UNIE" AND THE ORANGE RIVER
ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bloemfontein, 16 September, 1907.

SIR,—Despite all protestations to the contrary, a commonplace on both sides, the country has split, beyond present remedy, definitely on racial lines; the "Unie", or Dutch party, including practically the whole of the Dutch and a proportion of English malcontents; the "Constitutional Party" consisting of the English and Jews, led by two men of Free State birth with English names though of mixed parentage.

A reasonable forecast of the constitution of the Assembly which is about to be elected in this colony is:—

Constitutional Party and Independents : Bloemfontein City three seats, Harrismith Town one seat, Kroonstad Town one seat, Thaba 'Nchu District one seat; total, six seats.

Unie Party, thirty-two seats.

The Constitutional Party, indeed, at close quarters suggests nothing so much as an army composed of a handful of Field-Marshal with a baggage-waggon.

The pity of it is that so late as a year ago there was every chance for a few men with instincts of statesmanship to have thwarted the consolidation of the Dutch

of all shades of thought into the now overwhelming "Unie"; and, by taking advantage of the most obvious line of cleavage left by the war, to have divided the country into two well-balanced parties, quite irrespective of race, of Conservative and Liberal views, in which, as at home, intellect, business ability, and wealth would have been fairly divided.

Unfortunately the cleavage is now embittered by personalities. On the one side is a swollen "Unie", under extreme Dutch rule, which the moderate Dutch have been forced to join, daily in consequence losing something of their moderation: on the other side two or three discredited political opportunists, noted of late for nothing but their incapacity, with a following in the country to be counted in four figures: a prospective Assembly with on the Government side thirty-two members bound by a hard and fast pledge, on the Opposition side a handful of six, with views in unstable equilibrium.

In the Upper House it is a foregone conclusion that his Excellency will be asked, and will consent, to make the nominations before the day for nomination for the Lower House.

This recalls a similar occasion in 1904 when the Government had decided to substitute for wholly nominated school committees, committees in which a bare minority should be elected.

On that occasion the intention of the Government was, in view of the inevitable sweeping of the polls in the country districts by the Dutch Church representatives, to wait till after the elections and make nominations in such a way as to give a working representation on the committees to the non-Dutch. But suddenly a petition was presented to his Excellency on behalf of the Dutch Reformed Church, couched in language of hardly-veiled insolence, stating that there was throughout the colony general distrust of his Excellency's intentions, that it was expected he intended to make partisan nominations, to thwart the wish of the majority of the people as expressed at the polls, making his nominations from one section of the population only; and that the only course by which his Excellency could remove this distrust was by making his nominations before the elections. His Excellency acquiesced, with the result that, his nominations being necessarily in the circumstances divided between the two races, the Dutch Church party came on the committees in the proportion of five to two, the disproportion being skilfully made greater by the election of an English nominee as chairman, thus depriving him of his vote.

The disastrous results which might have followed have been averted largely by the tact of the Education Department and the local magistrates, though the intention of the ruse is none the less obvious.

It is therefore safe to assume that the nominations to the Upper House will be made before the elections, and will be made in such a way as to reflect in a minor degree the hopeless inequality in the Lower House: thus leaving the "Unie" leaders a free hand, subject only to the veto of the Governor. And it is to be remembered that with all the foresight and firmness shown in his record since he took office, as Governor of a self-governing Colony, his Excellency will have far less power than as Lieutenant-Governor of a Crown Colony.

What, then, of the future? Any "swing of the pendulum" at future elections is out of the question: the "Unie" has come to stay in uninterrupted power for fifty years. We must look elsewhere for a remedy.

Recently that astute general and politician Mr. Christiaan de Wet came out with the astonishing suggestion that the "Unie", having done its work of abolishing the Constitutional Party, would dissolve. It may be that in this prophecy he "builded better than he knew". The Assembly, composed almost wholly of men of one race and party, is sure to contain men differing widely in their views on matters of detail: it may well be that after the freshness of the triumph has worn off, the "majority" will divide into two parties of nearly equal numbers and ability, one representing extreme Dutch views with a dislike of all things British, and the other practically following the broad-minded policy of the late Sir John Brand. The latter subdivision of the "Unie" will then absorb to its own

great advantage all liberal-minded English residents of the country, and the present "Constitutional Party" fiasco will prove to have been a blessing in disguise.

At the present moment there are, in every constituency, two or more would-be "Unie" candidates in the field, representing all the differences between Liberal and Conservative; and though for the present election it may prove that the more extreme candidates are selected to represent the party in the Assembly, with some modification of the "Unie" statutes to permit self-respecting Englishmen to join the party, it may well be that the next Assembly, though still composed of "Unie" members, will have a far stronger party in favour of enlightenment and progress.

A curious anomaly may be noted:

There will probably be no contest in at least twenty-five constituencies out of thirty-eight, the "Unie" candidate being returned unopposed. Now, the official "Unie" candidate is selected from would-be "candidates" by ballot of members of the "Unie" in the constituency. But, wide as is the franchise in this colony, the qualification for membership of the "Unie" (entitling to a vote in the selection of a candidate) is far wider.

The franchise is given to all white male British subjects of twenty-one years, with six months' residence (subject to disqualification for crime and receipt of public relief). But for membership of the "Unie" (and vote for selection of candidate) British citizenship is not necessary; it is open to aliens; it is also open to all white males of sixteen years, and there is no residential qualification. The result is that a majority of the Assembly may actually be elected at the "Unie" ballot by aliens and boys under twenty-one, persons not on the electoral rolls of the colony!

This is surely the last word in democratic government, and a result hardly anticipated or intended in the drafting of the Constitution.

Yours faithfully,
"SOJOURNER."

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Observer" declares, in defence of the Convention, that Russia has always adhered strictly to the terms of her definite agreements. This view stands in need of some revision. A few instances may be quoted. In 1869 Gortchakoff officially assured Lord Clarendon that Russia regarded Afghanistan as entirely outside the sphere of Russian influence or interference, and that Russian agents would not visit Kabul though English officers might do so. This was repeated in 1874 and 1876. Yet in 1878, when hostilities with England seemed imminent in Europe, a Russian agent, General Stohetoff, was sent to Kabul to form an alliance with the Amir for an attack on India, and was only withdrawn on the remonstrance of Lord Salisbury after the Treaty of Berlin had settled the European difficulty. Even then a Russian general—Grodokoff—entered Afghanistan and made a survey of Herat. These events cost the Amir Sher Ali his throne and his life. Again in 1885, having made an agreement for a Boundary Commission on the basis of existing occupation and the condition that no further advance should be made, the Russian forces advanced and seized Penjdeh by force in the presence of the British Commissioner, and hold it still. In 1902, when we were in trouble in South Africa, the Amir received from the Russian Government a request for the establishment of direct relations between them, which was rejected by Abdur Rahman. In the present Convention the way has been opened, no doubt under pressure by Russia, for what she has worked and intrigued to secure in spite of her engagements. In 1903 Benckendorf declared to Lord Lansdowne that Tibet lay equally outside her sphere. Yet her intrigues were only ended with the flight of the Dalai Llama, and she has here again evidently insisted on dragging Tibet into the Convention.

All this and more besides—for instance, the history of Khiva or Port Arthur—may be good diplomacy, but it is bad faith. C.S.I.

THE PASSMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At the present moment a new supply of "barbarians" is emptying itself on the ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The majority of these newcomers will arrive at those seats of learning from unlearned homes, and themselves without any leaning towards learning; but for all that, their entry on these new scenes will be the unemotional entry of those conscious that they are doing the normal and proper thing. They are going to receive a University education.

Hard things are being said of public school and University education. The child of seven is full of the desire for knowledge, is always asking questions. By a course of private school and public school education that desire is effectively quenched, and at eighteen that same child no longer asks questions of himself or others, and this, not because he holds the answers, but because he has been intellectually slain. The paradigms and "the doctrine of the enclitic *δέ*" have done their work. He who might have been so eminent is laid low, not to revive until he returns from the cave to the realities of practical life. That the process should last from private school to public school is bad enough; that it should be continued at the University is intolerable. It is a case of slaying the slain.

Some of the truth and pathos of this situation must occur to everyone who has ever taught a passman at a University. These passmen come to the University with a record of eight years' unsuccessful struggle with the classics behind them, and they are not yet free. More than that, if asked whether there is anything else they would like better, they have no answer—there is nothing. The horse once broken to the shafts forgets the older joys, and so have they. The only lesson they seem to have learnt is a dislike for learning, and for three or four years more they have got to continue to learn; a pathetic thing if book-learning were all.

That is how things stand at present, and in consequence there is a very intelligible condition of discontent. It is unreasonable that passmen with no thoughts of learning should be deposited in a place of learning, and the cry goes up that they should be abolished. "The Universities will then become real places of education, precincts sacred to specialists and to those in whom the passion for learning burns deep, the homes of a caste, and that is right." The cry may go up, but the thing is not likely to happen. Learning is for the few, and England as a whole is not a learned country and has no passion for learning. If England had a passion for learning, Oxford and Cambridge would not at this moment be begging for money. So the passman will remain, a pathetic sight to the educationalist who thinks he might have been saved, but the passman himself is patient and content, and so is his parent. Therein lies the difficulty of the educationalist, for the type which the ordinary Englishman most admires is just the type which the modern public school and University so uniformly produce. The normal parent prays that his son may be normal, for intellect and intellectual interests he does not pray, but for soundness in body, judgment, and character, and good friends, and these are just the things which a University can give. No one can say that they are not important. The anomaly lies in this, that in a place of learning the most valuable effects on the bulk of the learners should be completely dissociated from the process of learning. What can the teacher do? For twenty-four weeks in the year he may protest that Greek and Latin are worth the learning, but for twenty-eight weeks the parent by silence or by words is maintaining the contrary position, and that same parent knows perfectly well that a harrier cannot be trained to hunt a hare for one half of the year and a fox for the other.

Still in spite of all and because of all there will be the same number of new faces in the halls at Oxford and Cambridge for the new academic year. The dull will be there together with the intelligent, and the dull will be good for the intelligent, the intelligent good for the dull. The system of education will not suit all equally well, elaborately differentiated as that system is. But something, soon or late, will penetrate even the thickest

hide, some by-product of the place will steal through the barricade. The change may not take its origin from the written page or the teacher's lips, but surely it is not supremely vital that it should. There are many from whom all learning is alien, others from whom this or that kind of learning is alien, but in some mysterious way, with few exceptions, the place is proper to them all.

Yours obediently,
TUTOR.

BOOKS GOOD AND ILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Waterloo Place, S.W.,

7 October, 1907.

SIR,—We observe in your last issue that a correspondent—Mr. Howard Williams—finds a difficulty in obtaining an adequate edition of Mrs. Gaskell's work "*Sylvia's Lovers*".

This book is included in all our editions of Mrs. Gaskell's works, and is a component part of the latest edition, the "*Knutsford*", published, with illustrations, and an introduction by Dr. A. W. Ward, the Master of Peterhouse, as lately as the autumn of last year. This edition was described by a reviewer as in his judgment "model books; the type is good, the paper light, and the volume of a handy size".

We are, Sir, yours faithfully,
SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

MARTINS AND BURGLAR SPARROWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glen Andrea, Groombridge,

8 October, 1907.

SIR,—In "*My Garden and Aviary*" the "impertinent sparrows effectually banish the house-martins". "I wish", said Mr. Shand, "I could get a wrinkle as to how those lawless proceedings could be prevented." It is, alas, too late to give this wrinkle now. Mr. Shand is gone; but may be some of his very numerous readers may like to hear how we have successfully prevented these same "lawless proceedings".

Every spring my pity was roused by these poor little graceful migrants being turned out of their nests, either their eggs destroyed, or sadder still, half-fledged birds thrown on to the path and devoured by cats. One nest was in an angle of the wall, close to my bedroom window, and the first year I devoted my attention to them. Constantly I drove the sparrows away, and the house-martins built on, despite flapping towels, and parasols brandished, while the sparrows' consciences made cowards of them and they were afraid. Then we shot one of the sparrows, and the house-martins successfully reared their brood, though every other nest contained sparrows before the end of the season.

That winter we destroyed many sparrows, and in the spring so broke the house-martins' nests that the sparrows did not use them.

Then came the martins, and finding all their nests empty began building. Our gardener was very watchful with his gun, and every time a sparrow perched on the roof above the nests and began his odious sharp call, he was shot at. If the sparrows got in—we sent a man up a ladder, and turned them out.

It is a curious instance of the strength of the instinct which binds the martin to its nest that several times a martin returned to its nest and recommenced building within two hours of the sparrow being ejected.

Now we have over twenty families under our roof. Our mornings and evenings are made beautiful by the flocks of martins wheeling round us, and we have been entirely delivered from those pests of flies which hitherto we had looked upon as the penalty of living in a hop-country. The martins are so friendly that when I put my head out of window they circle quite near with sharp twittering cries. In the quiet evenings it is delightful to listen below the nests and hear them

"Cheep and twitter, twenty million loves".

Is it not worth while to take trouble to protect these house-martins against their foes?

Yours &c.,
M. BOARDMAN.

REVIEWS.

RUSSIAN POETS.

"Poetry and Progress in Russia." By Rosa Newmarch.
London: Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

TWO stools make a necessary part of every critic's professional furniture. They are suitably disposed by him; the victim is declared to have fallen between them; and sentence is passed accordingly. One of the chief reasons why authors write prefaces to their books is to keep themselves an appeal open, on the plea that, so far from their having committed this crime of falling between two stools, the critic has in fact maliciously pulled their chair from under them.

Mrs. Newmarch is aware—her preface, modestly if not very gracefully written (prefaces need grace), shows it—that her book lies in a mixed mode between an essay on the political relations and effects of poetry in Russia since Pouchkine and a volume of studies upon individual poets. But, candidly speaking, the reviewer must allow that the fault is more with the title than with the actual scope of the book. For in fact, although Mrs. Newmarch chronicles the various annoyances and restrictions to which an autocratic Government subjected Pouchkine, Lermontov and others, she does not enlarge "tendencieusement" upon them beyond what is biographically necessary to her sketch of each man. The nominal frame is so slightly outlined that she can admit the Slavophil Khomiakov to the canon. It is a ludicrously perfunctory accommodation to say "Slavophilism has not yet ceased to be an active influence in the country, therefore the poet of this movement, in spite of his reverence for tradition, cannot be said to stand aloof from the line of progress and social development". But it is one more proof in a thousand that if some beneficent despotism could abolish the terms "progress" and "social" from the language for fifty years, half the imposture and bad thinking in the country would wither speechless. We wish then that Mrs. Newmarch had left out the Progress part of the title and dealt frankly and professedly with the real things (which she knows are more interesting)—the biography, the personality, the criticism. And so let's say no more about it.

The method of her book is to dovetail specimens of Russian poetry in translations between essays that seek to characterise a school, a movement or a period of literature, and short accounts of the particular poets. Mrs. Newmarch is not a *de Vogüé*, but her notices are agreeable and lively reading; she is well furnished in criticism, though she sometimes allows herself to be duped by rigid German-made categories; and how large have been her studies in foreign authorities is shown (may it be said without malice?) by her style. She has the weakness of regarding all mysticism as tantamount to feeble-mindedness and any decided Christianity in a poet as a quality requiring extenuation. This prejudice appears in her incidental treatment of Aksakov and Kireiev; but the bark is worse than the bite. Khomiakov fares better because the author's generosity comes to the rescue and makes her expose with candour the views which she dislikes in a man whose talents command her admiration. Judging her prose style in the grain we must regret the excess of Gallicisms, and regret that Mrs. Newmarch should not leave to Tonans himself such Tonantic phraseology as this sentence: "Notwithstanding the fact that Lermontov's output of work was considerable, etc." A short course of Mr. Walter Raleigh will disabuse anybody of the beauties of such whalebone figures. It is not cavilling about trifles to spend blue pencil on such blots; for a critic of literature needs, as first credentials, to offer to his readers a style perfectly idiomatic and hand-made before they consent to accept his guidance in a foreign idiom and literature. But when all drawbacks have been scrupulously, even peevishly, exacted, it remains to thank the author for this part of her work as a thoughtful, sympathetic, often genial, and always sincere invitation to a rich field of neglected studies. For, as Mrs. Newmarch admits, the Russian language is full of obstacles which hitherto only professional industry or a way-

ward curiosity cares to attempt. It might be well if Russian could be begun at school soon after the elements of Greek are mastered, and pursued by the clue of Greek. But the German obsession must be exorcised, and the bait must be forthcoming; a savoury bait too. One learns Italian to read Dante, and Omar Khayyám may lure a lickerish wit towards Persian. But travellers' tales of a glorious country unexplored are not enough unless the traveller can bring at least a sample in proof of his report. Cary and FitzGerald bring recruits for Italian and Persian. It is a true paradox to say that a translation which might stand on its own merits as an English poem is nevertheless the best incitement to taste the original. But now let Mrs. Newmarch be heard on this point: "With regard to the translations included in this volume, a word of explanation is necessary. To give at all a satisfactory idea of the works of these representative poets a far larger selection would have been necessary. Nothing short, in fact, of a carefully compiled anthology could have conveyed to my readers any adequate impression of the scope and beauty of their achievements. But the workers in this field are few, and at the best I could only have gleaned a small sheaf of acceptable English versions. Moreover, there was something incongruous in the idea of adding a considerable number of translations by other writers to a book which is not an anthology but a volume of essays. I decided therefore to fall back on my own versions, with the frank confession that these are quite as representative of the translator's limitations as of the characteristic beauties of Russian poetry."

It should be observed that Professor Morfill contributes a few versions, and so does Miss H. Frank.

Now the success of the book is more at stake in these translations than the author admits; and they are of unequal worth. Mrs. Newmarch's own (like Miss Frank's) have talent oddly assorted with technical imperfections. She can scan "ideal" as a dissyllable, and "power" as a dissyllable; and Miss Frank can pen such a line as

"Has not some sage long since asked"

—which might be set as a test of articulation to a man supposed tipsy. And yet "The Nun's Song" and "The Deserter" are adequate, if amateurish, verse: amateurish, for example, to close ten lines running with a *d* sound. Mr. Morfill's "Upas Tree" smacks better—

And if a cloud should chance bedew
Its pale crown where the thick leaves wreath it,
So from the branch of dolorous hue
Falls poison on the sands beneath it.

But when all is said and done, Mrs. Newmarch deserves to win readers for the poets to whose honour she has devoted so much scholarly pains and ingenuity. An Englishman who reads Lermontov is all the more proud to call Byron countryman; and we can boast that the creator of Hamlet struck a spring at which, it seems, every Russian poet has since been to drink. English poets at present would do well to go to school in France for form, but they might do worse than go to the Russians for matter.

The student of eugenics will be interested to note in these biographies that half Mrs. Newmarch's gallery are crossbreeds: Joukovsky, half Turk; in Pouchkine a strain of pure negro; Lermontov, the descendant of a Scottish Learmonth settled in Russia; Nekrasov, half Pole; and Nadson, partly Jew.

LADY MORFA.

"The Stooping Lady." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan. 1907. 6s.

IT is curious, seeing how much he has done and how admirably he has done it, that one's interest in every fresh work of Mr. Hewlett should be still so speculative.

It seems absurd, with "The Queen's Quair", the "Little Novels" and "The Fool Errant" before one, to be seeking definite evidence that the author has

"found" himself. Yet one does so speculate, nor can one pretend in this latest volume to have obtained an answer; indeed, it seems almost definitely to evade an answer.

But it appears to be at least a step in a direction; in a direction away from his earliest efforts. It is not a definite break with romance; nothing could be more arrogantly romantic than the floral investment of Miss Hermia Mary's heart. But though that supplies the illumination to the story, though the challenge of its white violets may most prominently engage the reader's mind, and is pretty certain to divide opinions, it is not on such fantastic elements that Mr. Hewlett's pains have been spent. This diversion of his regard is the significant issue between the last and all of his previous work, save perhaps "The Queen's Quair": romance has taken, in his interest at least, the second place. The portrait in the book on which his skill has been lavished is not that of the heroine, Miss Hermia Chambre, but of her grandmother, Jane (born Botetort) Countess of Morfa, and his skill has not been spent on her personal and particular picturesqueness, full of quality though that may be, but on the head of a house, the upholder of a principle, the typical Whig. It is not on the shoulders of the Stooping Lady that the burden of the story falls, but on those of her very erect and unbending kinswoman. Charming as Hermia is while her heart is untouched—since when once that is alight all her identity seems dimmed by the familiar flame of it—and providing as she does a pivot about which even Caryll House revolves, it is not she but the grim, thin, hard-eyed, eagle-faced old lady, who so inflexibly directs its destiny, who diffuses the atmosphere in which the plot thickens and the story moves. And, though one may imagine that plot and story were to his liking, it is obviously by this atmosphere that the author is intrigued, and by it undoubtedly the book will be best remembered.

Lady Morfa was "the sublimity of the Whig position", and she is painted as everything in that position that was magnificently absurd. "She divided mankind, for all purposes, into two classes. Either you were Family, or you were a person. Collectively you were still Family, unless you were the Mob." With the Whigs she "took kings into favour, not because they were estimable, but because without them the families could not govern". She could use princes, with their bought loves and their scandalous behaviours, as the Spartans used their helots. "We brought them in as much for this kind of performance as for any other that I can call to mind at the moment", she declares indifferently. She had three abhorrences: "enthusiasm, slackness of fibre, and treachery to Family. These things really disgusted, and one of them really shocked her".

The worst shock of her life had come of that treachery when her daughter ran off from Caryll House with Colonel Chambre, a Radical, an enthusiast, a friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Hermia and her brother were the fruits of that disgrace, and on the death of father and mother Lady Morfa brought them both from Ireland in the spring of 1809, to discipline them according to the strictest letter of the Whig law. The boy becomes a soldier, dies at Talavera and does not complicate the teaching, but Hermia had her father's vices, a warm heart and a kind one, and her revolt from her grandmother's inhumanities provides most of the story and all of the catastrophe. The revolt was complicated with politics and with passion, so that it has the clash of a contest between Reform and the Whigs, and the distraction of a woman fighting for the man of her heart. But as Bob Ranald, one of the admirable sketches of character, explains in a concluding chapter, politics had nothing to do with the matter, since if Hermia had any leanings at all, it was towards aristocracy, and David Vernour was the man not of her heart but of her imagination: she chose him—as a male. The complication, of course, increases the interest; brings the action nearer the intricate unpronounceable affairs of life; but the double occultation makes the author's task extremely difficult, and one cannot follow with understanding the phases of Hermia Mary's romance. The botanical difficulty of her daily violets, a hundred years ago, does not bother

one as much as her falling so completely in love with their unknown donor that she is ready, without a sight of his face or a word from his lips, to vow her life to him.

One dare not declare impossible any caprice of woman's fancy, but one may ask of the novelist who selects it at least the elucidation of his more intimate knowledge.

The explanation, which the girl herself offers to her friend Mary Fox, that when the veiled lover stood at last before her she knew that she had been in love with him all along, may be very true, but it is denied to us throughout the progress of the affair, and with reason, since it reduces another delightful imitation of *Psyche* with her unknown divinity to the level of a commonplace love affair. The author calls it a "dazzling admission", but the label seems hardly to the beguiled reader to do it justice. With her affections "deeply engaged"; after having, indeed, pledged her future to her lover, she declares to her dearest friend that she was not aware if she had ever seen him. A little earlier she had admitted herself to be ignorant and indifferent whether "her He was a She". On such a showing one did one's best to accept the kisses she bestowed on her violets as some fresh prettiness of the incomprehensible passion—encouraged therein by the author—only to have one's credulity crushed by that "dazzling admission", that she was sub-conscious throughout that they were touching the butcher's cheeks. This something worse than uncertain handling is the weak element of the romance, as the romance itself is the weakest element in the story.

Wrought with more dexterity are the attitudes of her lovers, save only of the one to whom she yields. David Vernour never becomes vital; really is almost as impersonal throughout as his white violets; but Captain Ranald and Lord Rodono are very much alive, and even Lord Sandgate is comprehensible.

And the writing is admirable, though occasionally suggestive of another hand; the play with the humours of the period delightful; the wit as delicate and deft as ever.

"Prayer? Ah, no doubt—very right and proper," said her ladyship, loftily—but she didn't like it. Any suggestion that application should be addressed elsewhere than to herself offended her a good deal."

"He plunged almost immediately into political discussion and spoke of a Reform meeting at Salisbury as if it had been one of the Six Days of Creation."

The book abounds in such touches, indeed it is built of them, yet it fails to satisfy one's expectations. There are reminiscences in the handling, not of himself, which one does not anticipate from the author; particularly in the drawing of Hermia by gossip and diary.

Mr. Hewlett may plead the period, but he has never had to plead it before: he has always rejoiced, luxuriated in his own way of doing: reminiscences, save of his accomplished manner, are the last things one expects of him.

It is because he has given so much that one's disappointment, when he falls beneath his promise, must plead his very generosity to excuse its air of ingratitude in declining to be content with even the dexterous accomplishment of "The Stooping Lady".

MODERN THOUGHT THROUGH MEDÆVAL.

"From Gerson to Grotius." By J. N. Figgis. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1907. 3s. 6d. net.

WE congratulate Mr. Figgis on the publication of these lectures, and we hope that the wider audience will appreciate their value. To attempt to compress a survey of this nature into a short two hundred pages may appear to some quixotic; nor was it to be expected that they would contain anything that is strictly original or that students of the subject have not said and thought before. But they present a simple and absorbing narrative of an age which is perhaps the most fertile in political theory.

Moreover, they have an especial value at the present time. The continuity of history is an article of faith which often receives but empty lip-worship. It is an

undoubted mental effort for the nineteenth century to realise that it is in every sense of the word the offspring of the fifteenth; and yet, as man remains unaltered, so the problems which confront him and the principles on which they must be solved remain substantially the same.

Such a reminder is to be welcomed for an age which often seems to view its problems as of wholly new development, and is perhaps in danger of ignoring the links that bind the present to the past. And over and above this general merit which the book possesses, it will enable the ordinary reader, for whom the more profound treatise is impossible, to touch the threshold of the life from which he springs, and to which unconsciously he is a debtor.

The nature and the source of all authority is the final object of political research. From this everything else flows easily: communication is established on this basis with all the controversies that distracted mediæval society and that form the subject of this book. The relationship of Church and State—involving of necessity interminable arguments about the nature of a State, its rights, its moral code—the position of the individual in society: such are some of the catchwords of dispute throughout this fruitful period of political theorising.

Space does not allow us to do more than make a few remarks of general character. The first, and obvious, reflection is that as a general rule political theories are fashioned by events. They are frequently made to order. Circumstances arise, for which a justifying theory has to be invented. Thus the schism in the Papacy produced Gerson and gave impetus to the Conciliar theory, the state of Italy produced Machiavelli and his non-moral State; the Counter-Reformation, from the need of reconciling on some working basis the Universal Church with the secular, and apparently independent, State, saw Jesuit theory developed at the hands of Suarez and Molina.

Then, too, it must be realised how much, in spite of underlying sameness, the scenes are shifted. Take for instance the question of what would now be known as Church and State. To the early mediævalist an arbitrary division of the two would be unthinkable. The Church was the spiritual expression of the State, the State the secular expression of the Church. They were, so to speak, reverse sides of the same shield. The Pope and Emperor were charged with mutually complementary, not rival, jurisdictions.

It was the function of political theorists, when this conception gave way before the growing force of nationalism, and, later, of religious controversy, to find a substitute for the old idea of "uniformity". The early theory is attractive from its very simplicity. Resting upon a few main assumptions, it provided an entire scheme of life both for State and individual. As time went on all the questions, which for practical purposes mediæval thought had ruled out of order, had to be faced. The division of man into two parts, religious and secular, became inevitable—but this was not yet. The independent State in 1500 was thought to be a very tender plant, and toleration, while religion was of necessity political, was impossible.

The difficulty lay, and apparently still lies, in recognising that the jurisdiction exercised by the State in the religious sphere was only possible as long as it could claim to act as the temporal representative of the spiritual authority. When this arrangement, acknowledged in the person of his "Godly Prince" by Luther, finally broke down under the stress of modern developments, so largely due to religious disintegration, the justification for the claim, based as it had been upon the old identity of the two expressions of the same authority, went with it. The desire to establish new political philosophies was thus the outcome of, and was accompanied by, the desire to clothe new departures with juristic sanction. Indeed the respect that in the Middle Ages was paid to law as such is one of the most interesting points referred to by this work. Dealing with the Contract theory, Mr. Figgis points out quite truly to what extent that notion was illogical and unhistorical alike.

The mediæval mind, however, was comparatively undisturbed by such considerations. If it was opposed,

it was by the advocacy of the converse principle of Divine Right of kings. For the rest, its lack of logic and historical authority was redeemed by the atmosphere into which it was introduced. Feudalism had familiarised men's minds with the contractual relation; the ancient notion implied in Coronation—the king's pledge to protect the lives and goods of his subjects—the similar conception of a pledge underlying baptism, were all influences operating in the same direction.

The chapter upon Machiavelli is among the most interesting—for the criticism which is passed upon the man himself as well as for wider considerations. The mistake of Machiavelli lay no doubt in undue generalisation from his own experience of the state of Italy in his day: his misfortune consisted in his followers. It is not necessary to dogmatise and argue on the relative tenderness of State and individual consciences. They cannot be said to be identical. Tampering with the one will inevitably, however, as Lord Acton said, react upon the other, and the surest way to raise the conscience of the State is to pay attention to the consciences of which it is the sum.

In conclusion, this idea suggests itself. In the modern world, the personal relationship between Labour and Capital seems likely to diminish to the disadvantage of the public and of those immediately concerned. The only remedy would be an active sense of duty and of mutual obligation on either side. And if, to gain this object, corporate bodies must be animated with a soul, it is possible that the former faith in real identity of things, religious, social, and political, that underlay the union of Church and State, may not be so thoroughly discredited as it is generally held to be, and that much that is supposed to be of the past may still have a future.

THE TRUSTEE ON TRIAL.

"Godefroi. Law Relating to Trusts and Trustees." Third Edition. By Whitmore L. Richards and James I. Stirling. London: Stevens and Sons. 1907. 38s.

IT is always interesting to watch the development of legal conceptions, and in particular to trace the waxing and waning of those eidola of the Courts, the principles of judge-made law, principles probably only half acknowledged by those who hold them and yet leaving a clear impress on long lines of recorded judgments. And especially is the judicial conception of the trustee and his duties and the change in that conception fascinating. The rights and duties of a trustee is a subject that comes home to most of us; few escape a more or less baleful experience of trusteeship and what the law demands of holders of the office. The Secretary for Ireland himself recently admitted that he was the legal personal representative of nine deceased persons and the trustee of five marriage settlements.

Defaulting trustees are a commonplace of legal moralising, and the Legislature has been busy of late trying by the invention of judicial trustees, of a public trustee and other devices to check the nimble flittings of solicitor trustees; but the greatest change in the law during the last hundred years is probably due not to the exertions of Parliament but to the enlightenment of the judges; and the *causa causans* was the reform of the Chancery procedure, which permitted the taking of evidence *viva voce* instead of by affidavit: the Chancery Courts nowadays hear witnesses and are in contact with flesh and blood. "The real trustee", as Mr. Birrell happily put it in the days when he spent his time in inculcating law in England and not disorder in Ireland, "goes into the box: some farmer it may be, who from a sense of cronyship has consented to act as trustee under the will of a neighbour with whom on market-days he has often had a friendly glass. There he stands, ignorant for certain, pigheaded very likely, but palpably honest and perspiring. He is charged with losses occasioned by his disregard of the strict language of a will he never understood, or for not having properly controlled the actions of his co-trustee, the principal attorney of his market town. It may be necessary to ruin such a

man, to sell his horses and his cows, but it cannot be done without a qualm." And hence the new spirit: nowadays it is admitted that an honest trustee deserves some consideration, though he be technically in default. Mr. Godefroi's work, published originally in 1879, has long been a standard authority among Chancery practitioners: the author himself brought out an enlarged edition of his book in 1891, and it has now attained very much overgrown proportions in the hands of its present editors, who, be it said, seem to have conscientiously carried on the tradition of the original work. The present edition gives due weight to both the two sources of change in the law mentioned above: recent statutes, the Trustee Acts of 1893 and 1894, the Judicial Trustee Act of 1896, and the Public Trustee Act, 1906, are dealt with at length, while the case law and the reported decisions are fully collated; the table of cases alone runs to 208 closely printed pages. But the necessity of handling such a mass of case law is the result of our present system of multitudinous law reports and is not a fault for which the editors can be held responsible.

The work however shows, so far as we have been able to test it, some signs of undue haste and want of full consideration: for instance on page 271, eight lines from the foot, in referring to the recent decision in *Re Sidebotham* "reclaimed" should obviously read "retained"; on page 274, when dealing with the *Benefices Act, 1898*, it is indifferent workmanship to state that under Section 1 (3) of that Act "all agreements . . . for the resignation of a benefice in favour of any person are now rendered invalid" without pointing out that by reference to Section 1 (4) and paragraph (2) of the schedule it must be assumed that there is a special exception to the general rule in the case of an agreement to resign under the *Clergy Resignation Bonds Act of 1828*. The preface states that "all cases reported down to the end of 1906 are incorporated", yet we can find in the index no mention of the not unimportant recent decision of Mr. Justice Warrington in *Re Schneider*, 22 T.L.R. 223 (1906); nor of the decision of Mr. Justice Kekewich in the case of *Grove v. Search*, reported in the same volume; nor of the important judgment of the Irish Court of Appeal in *Re Ruthven's Trusts*, [1906] 1 Ir. R. 236. All practising lawyers will agree that where a case is reported in the Law Reports the reference to those reports as being in a sense official should be given: yet, in the case of *Re Stanley*, [1906] 1 Ch. 131, for instance, this is not done. The Public Trustee Act is printed at length, but no comment on it appears in the text; according to a footnote all comment is reserved for a supplement to be published when the Rules have been issued, as now they are; but some comment on the Act in the body of the book should not have been withheld.

One of the best chapters in the book, Chapter 44, on "Defences to Charges of Breach of Trust", deals with the greater readiness of the Courts to recognise that trustees are after all only human. But there are limits alike to the leniency of judges and to the ingenuity of advocates. The modern tendency to protect a trustee must not be unduly pressed: and the author did good work in tabulating under eight or nine heads defences which have been urged, but unsuccessfully urged, in recent times on behalf of trustees in error. Even allowing for some faults of detail such as are mentioned above, the new edition of "Godefroi" should fully enable the book to maintain if not to enhance its present high position.

MILES FURIOSUS.

"War and the World's Life." By Colonel F. W. Maude C.B. With Diagrams and Maps. London: Smith, Elder. 1907. 12s. 6d. net

COLONEL MAUDE has collected together a vast amount of information, presented to us in anything but logical order. To throw extracts from works, however valuable, higgledy-piggledy at a reader's head, jumbled up in so-called chapters with personal opinions, reminiscences, and anecdotes, often of small bearing on the subject discussed, does not make

argument, and is very far from being literature. Occasionally we have gleams of light, as when the army and navy are shown to be the foundations of commercial credit, but the lucid intervals are not of long duration, and we are quickly thrown into a maze of extravagant ideas and confusion. We have "polarities" and "thought waves", and rant about Ormuz and Ahriman, while the Almighty is freely invoked. It is all the more annoying that we are led in the preface to expect a systematic inquiry seeing that there is "no single work in the English language" which "even begins to put us on the track of how to study war and its evolution". Moreover the author tells us he has studied and reflected for thirty years and the outcome is this work which was to put us right. Yet we fear the vast majority of readers will arise more perplexed and astonished than convinced. Perplexed because of the discursiveness, astonished that thirty years' study and reflection have left an officer with practical experience of affairs still so much at sea. The author boasts that he never could have seen light had he remained in the Service, and if he were "allowed dictatorial powers for a five-year term" he would put a very different spirit into our existing organisation, which, we regret to note, "falls short of my ideal". This results from "the failure of the responsible authorities to state its case in such a manner as to enlist the widest sympathy of the mass of the people". Well, the case is now stated by Colonel Maude, and we much question whether, if a dictator is ever to be appointed, even the mass of the people will place more confidence in him than they might do if Lord Wolseley, Roberts, or Kitchener, not to mention Lord Cromer (who was once a soldier too), held the reins. They will at any rate note before coming to a decision that according to Colonel Maude successful organisation for war is only possible in proportion as the ethical factors, on which all religions rest, are a living reality in the national life. They will perhaps remember that Napoleon organised pretty successfully in his day, so also the men we have named, and a hundred others that we need not mention, and doubt whether they built inspired by quite these views. But we learn with relief that in one corps at any rate all is well, and we may sleep more soundly in the consciousness that the 1st Hants R.E. Volunteers stand between us and the coast line. When he took over the battalion, the Colonel tells us he worked wonders. We fancy we have heard this kind of thing in a club smoking-room before, and also the inevitable grumble, "I then applied for the command of a volunteer brigade", for which he was, we are assured, well qualified, "and was not given one", and so on and so on. Perhaps these personal reminiscences which are to be found in the preface will make a reader regard somewhat suspiciously the sweeping assertions poured out so liberally. It was not superior armament, we are told, that made the Prussians victors at Gravelotte and Sedan. "The advantage in this respect lay with the French entirely." The first assertion is true, although it was not Prussians who alone won the two famous victories. But the second one is open to question. The French certainly possessed in the *chassepôt* a more efficient rifle than the needle gun, but their artillery was not equal to that which opposed them. It is asserted that it was the Prussians' devotion to "duty for duty's sake" which turned the scale, that each man knew his duty to his comrades, and fulfilled it loyally to the utmost at all risks to himself. On the contrary it was a methodical organisation for war, better Staff work, and the advantage of a capable strategist at the head of affairs, that decided the issue. The "Midsummer Night's Dream", quoted by our author himself on another page, does not exactly bear out the devotion to duty theory "at all risks to himself" that is here so glibly pulled out to fit in with an argument. Again the author, who believes in the possibility of invasion, and says that he is fortified in his belief by personal discussion with Continental officers who have studied military history with a thoroughness and grasp of principles far above our Staff College standard, seems to forget that it may at least be open to doubt whether his advisers have studied the naval factors involved quite as thoroughly or with the same knowledge as our officers

who listen to the views of such men as Sir George Clarke. Since our author considers that if the magnitude of the stakes are large enough the safety of an army's communications is comparatively unimportant, we doubt the thoroughness of the study of military history in this particular connexion which he and his friends abroad have made. And our confidence is still further shaken when, as an illustration of this thesis, the example of Napoleon in 1809 is quoted. To begin with, the Danube is not the sea, and secondly, Napoleon's communications were not interrupted even though a bridge across that river was temporarily broken. "Given six to eight hours' law, and in reasonable weather, upwards of 150,000 men can easily be thrown upon our shores." Modern war, we are assured, reckons on surprise as the greatest of all moral factors, and will stop at nothing to secure it. Very well, but it will have to stop at landing an army of 150,000 men in eight hours none the less, even if the surprise can be effected, and the transports to convey such a force with the requisite stores and ammunition be collected without any warning being given.

In short, Colonel Maude, who shows very great knowledge of the literature of the subject and most commendable industry, has allowed his pen to run away with him in a regrettable manner. Adverse criticism of his book has been a most uncongenial task, for all through we have felt that the writer is an able man who might have given us a book worthy of his subject.

NOVELS.

"The Progress of Hugh Rendal." By Lionel Portman. London: Heinemann. 1907. 6s.

"Hugh Rendal" was a hit: "The Progress of Hugh Rendal" is a fiasco. The first was a story about Wellington; the second is a tale about Oxford. It is astonishing that Mr. Lionel Portman should not have been warned by the fate of "Tom Brown at Oxford," and that he should have tried to succeed where Judge Hughes notoriously failed. A public school is one thing and the 'Varsity another. Wellington is a small and comparatively new public school; and Mr. Portman is an Old Wellingtonian. "Hugh Rendal" had the charm of freshness and realism: "The Progress of Hugh Rendal" is neither new nor true; it is the difference between a clever miniature and an indifferent copy of a well-known picture. As a Wellington prefect, Rendal was an interesting boy, but he turns out to be a very commonplace undergraduate. Godfrey Spenleigh, the triumphant cricketer, with plenty of money and a parliamentary career awaiting him, is quite conventional, and is of course refused by the heroine, Vere, who aspires to a career of her own, but who, after a very short experience as secretary to a league, and a ridiculous episode with an actor-manager, accepts Rendal on the last page. The 'Varsity jokes, and the 'Varsity horseplay, the Eights and the bump supper, Halkett and Strafford, are all familiar, and we are sorry to say uninteresting. Curious that since "Verdant Green" and "Pendennis" no one has written a good book about Oxford or Cambridge! Perhaps the truth is that a boy is interesting, and a man is interesting, but an undergraduate is not, being either a prig or an athlete.

"Ashdod." By Agnes Farley. London: Chapman and Hall. 1907. 6s.

The name of the author of "Ashdod" is new to us, from which we gather that this is Miss Farley's first attempt as a novelist. If so it is an interesting, but not a remarkable, first attempt. It is interesting partly because it is set in more or less novel surroundings and partly because the author has a pleasant ability in the rendering of character, without any over-elaboration of idiosyncrasies. The romance concerns a girl brought up in England, who is yet half Frenchwoman, and who on being left an orphan is summoned to the ancestral chateau in Normandy. There she finds herself with an uncle and aunt—husband and wife who have not exchanged words for forty years. Her English views clash with those of her father's people; she fights

strenuously against "the putting of the family before the individual", and is soon a central figure in a number of dramatic situations, one of which is brought about by her fancying that she has fallen in love with a married artist old enough to be her father. The interrupted elopement is described with much grim humour, and the long-suffering Jane Alden is capitally drawn. In the end Thomasine de Pommerol finds a way of reconciling the claims of the family and the individual and does voluntarily that which she had refused to consider when proposed to her as a family "arrangement". The story is interesting in itself and a promise of better to come.

"The Cable-Man." By Weatherby Chesney. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 6s.

Many of the accepted figures of melodrama reappear in this story. There is the criminal hiding from justice, his innocent daughter who persists in believing him guiltless, and her lover—young, strong, and resourceful—who nearly loses her because he cannot share that belief. Mr. Chesney, however, breaks new ground in the occupation of his hero and the locality of his tale; also he has devised a new and horrifying method of disposing of his villain, which at this date is something of an achievement. San Miguel, one of the Azores, does not sound a very exciting place of abode, but there was plenty of excitement there when Horace Scarborough kept watch over the siphon-recorder at Ribeira Grande, and in unemployed moments wooed and won his bride. There is, indeed, a good deal of wooing and winning, for no fewer than three couples are made happy before the last chapter is reached. But what of that? There were more than three in the last act of "As You Like It". We recall this fact lest we should seem to write in a complaining spirit. "The Cable-Man" is not to be taken seriously; but its gaiety and optimism will find favour with those who feel in need of a little innocent diversion.

"The Measure of the Rule." By Robert Barr. London: Constable. 1907. 6s.

Amongst the various phases of student life portrayed in fiction we had not previously come upon any description of an American "normal school". Mr. Barr makes something of it, but we should imagine that he had exhausted the subject. The most daring feat of the young men appears to be the formation of surreptitious but innocent acquaintance with the girl students, and the flirtations of the immature soon become tedious. The merit of the present story lies in the unusually vivid portraiture of two or three teachers and students, and though the plot is commonplace the book has a real interest. Unless Mr. Barr does the prototypes of his characters grave injustice, systematic lying when taxed by the authorities with any breach of rules appears to be a characteristic of the embryo schoolmasters across the Atlantic, and one wonders what he will make of the children presently to be committed to his charge. The description of the unruly model classes which the normal school students must in turn instruct is amusing.

THE FLOOD OF REPRINTS.

One result of the great stream of reprints of the English classics, which still continues to flow strongly as ever, has been, we believe, quite overlooked—it is undoubtedly discouraging new talent. Even if literature to-day were a highly lucrative business—which it has never been in this country or in any other—the reprints, in a cheap form and in vast numbers, of old writers would tell severely against many living authors. As it is, however, the profits of the living author, unless he chances to be the producer of popular and somewhat trashy novels, tend to disappear altogether, the book market being quite crammed to-day with these cheap and attractive reprints of English prose and poetry. No doubt the quality of these reprints is far higher on the average than that of the living author; so that it may seem unreasonable to say anything against this feature of publishing to-day; at the same time the discouragement of such literary talent or gift as may exist among living writers is a matter worth considering. The small sales of many new and good books lately have been attributed largely to the "Times' Book Shop" system and its rummage sales. We are inclined to think, however, that the

cheap and excellent reprints of English classics have been a more considerable cause.

Among notable reprints that have been published of late that of "*The Lyrical Ballads 1798*" deserves special mention. It is published at 3s. 6d. net by Messrs. Duckworth, who have found in Mr. T. Hutchinson an editor discreet and most scholarly. As a rule we should say that "*The Lyrical Ballads*" are far better without editorial note and comment, but an exception can safely be made here. "*The Lyrical Ballads*", he says, "resemble stray leaves from an inventory of the mind's treasure-house; they are like fragments from a survey of the vast ill-explored continent of man's soul. And on the leaves many a precious thing, hitherto despised and forgotten, is being appraised; in the fragments many green islands, many fertile valleys and delectable mountains, are depicted in plain and telling words". Perhaps Mr. Hutchinson might with advantage restrain his imagination a little, but one recognises that it is an informed imagination, and that he writes with true feeling and judgment of the wonderful work which makes up this little volume. He gives excellent bibliographical notes about the several early editions of the *Ballads* and an illustration is given of the original title-page. A copy with that title-page is a rare and curious "find" at the bookstalls to-day; probably indeed it is impossible to pick up the 1798 edition for a trifle now, but we have volumes of the second and third edition of the "*Lyrical Ballads*", and what a beautiful title-page theirs, too, is!

At 3s. 6d. also Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish an illustrated edition of Sterne's "*Sentimental Journey*". Mr. T. H. Robinson's pictures are good of their kind, but we do not know that Sterne is really improved by modern illustration. The reprint is from the first edition (1768), and we are glad to see that the author's spelling and "archaic forms" have been respected. We strongly object to the modern custom of bringing an old author "up-to-date": the effect is nearly always unpleasant to literary taste.—The "*York Library*" (Bell, 2s. net each volume) now contains Leopold von Ranke's "*History of the Popes*" in three volumes. We have referred before to this series of reprints. It is a neat and sound collection, but the print might perhaps be a little clearer. We hope Ranke's "*History of England*" will presently be added to the *York Library*; there seems to have been no reprint of this of late years.—Ruskin House continues to bring out its "pocket edition" of Ruskin's works. The three latest volumes are "*Love's Meinie*", "*Aratra Pentelici*", "*The Art and Pleasures of England*", each 2s. 6d. net. There are now nearly fifty volumes of this cheap edition of Ruskin, and there are many more to come. In that excellent and still increasing Oxford University Press series, "*The World's Classics*", several of Ruskin's works have also been published through Ruskin House, including "*Sesame and Lilies*" and "*Ethics of the Dust*" (in one volume), "*Time and Tide*" and "*The Crown of Wild Olive*" (also in one volume), each 1s. net. The Oxford University Press publish, too, at the same price in their "*World's Classics*" Butler's "*Analogy of Religion*", Smollett's "*Travels in France and Italy*", and Fielding's "*Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*". In the Pitt Press series of the Cambridge University Press "*Quentin Durward*" is published at 2s.

NEW BOOKS.

"*The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*." By Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson. London: Macmillan. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

Colonel Patterson tells some of the most thrilling lion stories we have ever read, and we do not wonder that his adventures have commanded the enthusiasm of such good sportsmen as Mr. F. C. Selous and President Roosevelt. Mr. Selous writes a "foreword" in which he says—and he has had lion adventures of his own—that no lion story he has "ever heard or read equals in its long-sustained and dramatic interest the story of the Tsavo man-eaters as told by Colonel Patterson." East Africa

(Continued on page 460.)

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was a very different place in 1899, when Colonel Patterson was engaged in the work of constructing the Uganda Railway across the Tsavo, from what it is to-day. It affords an idea of the depredations of the man-eaters when we read that the work on the railway was practically suspended for three weeks in consequence. No boy's book of imaginary adventures published at this season is likely to make its reader hold his breath more frequently than this modest but veracious record. There is a good deal else in the book which will interest the sportsman as well as the general reader, though if the book were fiction we should be inclined to describe those parts which do not deal with the man-eaters as an anti-climax. It contains over a hundred illustrations.

"Over-sea Britain." By E. F. Knight. London: Murray. 1907. 6s. net.

Mr. E. F. Knight has seen so much of Greater Britain that his qualifications for undertaking the work of giving a comprehensive but concise account of British possessions are more adequate than the armchair student can lay claim to. He aims at explaining what the Empire is: how it came to be, how it has grown, and what are its physical, political, and commercial conditions. There are many handbooks on the British Empire available, but there is room for Mr. Knight's, and he has managed to write a not uninteresting and instructive work without colour of any sort. Hence the work should be valuable as a text-book. Incidentally, though this does not seem to be Mr. Knight's intention, it should serve the purpose of the Imperial Tariff movement. Mr. Knight shows how largely trade has followed the flag, and mentions Madagascar as an instance of the decline of British commerce when territory passes to another flag. What he really shows is not that trade follows the flag so much as that trade is diverted by tariffs. This volume deals with Europe, Africa, and America: a second will deal with Asia and Oceania. There are nine maps.

"Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne (1815-1819)." Edited from the original MS. by M. Charles Nicoullaud. Vol. II. Heine-mann. 1907. 10s. net.

This is the second volume of the Memoirs, the first of which was reviewed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 22 June, 1907. They continue the reminiscences of the Comtesse during the Hundred Days, Napoleon's return from Elba, the events of Waterloo, and the Restoration down to the year 1819. During this period the Comtesse returned to England with her father, who was French Ambassador. Anecdotes of the English Court and aristocratic society abound, and much criticism of English manners and customs, pointed by comparisons with French social and political life, makes highly entertaining reading. Monarchs and princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, crowd every page, and those readers who are familiar with the politics of the time will find in this intimate gossip of a woman, who was in the very centre of what she describes, very much which throws light on the formal history. She was a shrewd observer, wrote cleverly, and her little cynicisms, mingled with aristocratic complacency, are extremely amusing.

"Sir Rowland Hill." By Eleanor C. Smyth. London: Fisher Unwin. 1907. 5s. net.

Mrs. Smyth is the daughter of the great postal reformer, and she describes herself as his last remaining descendant. It appears that Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the cousin of Mrs. Smyth, who wrote the standard "Life of Sir Rowland Hill and History of Penny Postage", gave her permission to take from it such material as she cared to incorporate with her own shorter and more anecdotal story. This has been done, but the narrative also contains much that has not appeared elsewhere. The special feature in the book is therefore due to the more intimate and personal atmosphere which she has thrown round her story; but this is mainly to be found in the first forty pages of Introduction. The rest is occupied with the story of the Post Office and the reforms introduced by Sir Rowland Hill. Every taste would not care for so much Post Office; but if the general reader wishes to know about this matter, a very useful thing no doubt to be acquainted with, Mrs. Smyth has written a very readable account.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Octobre. 3 fr.

This number contains no article of remarkable power. There is an extract from the forthcoming volume of the Comtesse de Bogue's Memoirs which gives an interesting reminiscence of the Revolution of 1830. There is a rather thin paper on the business aspect of the United States, and M. Maurice Croiset deals adequately with the position of the Homeric controversy at the present day. M. Charmes in his "Chronique" practically admits that, like the rest of the world, he can make little or nothing of the present situation in Morocco. Anything may happen to-morrow. One thing remains certain—the French have not made any real impression on the country at large, and the work partially done at Casablanca may have to be begun all over again somewhere else.

In Sir Herbert Maxwell's article "Royal and Ancient" in last week's REVIEW, we printed by an error "guttier" instead of "gutties", and "twenty-two holes" instead of "twenty holes".

THEOLOGY.

"The Bible Doctrine of Atonement." Six Lectures given in Westminster Abbey by H. C. Beeching and A. Nairne. London: Murray. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

Yet another book on the doctrine of the Atonement. It is needless to say that Dr. Beeching is careful and deliberate in thought, and graceful in expression; and the earlier lectures, in which he traces the growth of the idea of atonement in the Old Testament, are of real value as a popular presentment of scientific biblical theology. Only when we get to what he rightly calls "the very centre of the subject", to our Lord's own teaching about His death and its results, we have a feeling of disappointment, a feeling that after all Dr. Beeching has failed to take us to the centre. In his anxiety to avoid the old crude representations of our Lord's death as a propitiation of an angry Deity or a ransom paid to Satan, he goes to the other extreme and reduces it to little more than an attractive example, an object-lesson of God's love for us which saves us by evoking our love for Him. His reasoning seems to be this: every martyr to a noble cause wins men to penitence and new life by the spectacle of his death; in other words, his spirit enters into them and makes them new creatures. So it was with Christ; lifted up upon the Cross He drew all men unto Him; His Spirit entered into them; but His Spirit is the Divine Spirit, which thus binds God and man together in an indissoluble union, a true Atonement. The Atonement therefore took place at Pentecost rather than on Calvary; the death of Christ differed only in degree from the death of every martyr in its effects upon the world, and that which was unique in it was the after gift of the Holy Spirit. We believe Dr. Beeching to be true and correct so far as he goes, but we believe that he has not gone far enough or deep enough; he has given us but part of the doctrine of the Atonement. The last lecture in the volume is a scholarly and devout treatment of the doctrine in the Epistle to the Hebrews; we hope for some further work on this subject from Professor Nairne.

"The Fifth Gospel; being the Pauline Interpretation of the Christ." By the Author of "The Faith of a Christian." London: Macmillan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907. 3s. 6d. net.

We conjecture the author of this book and its predecessors to be a talented layman who has but recently given himself to the study of theology; he combines maturity of thought with freshness of treatment in a way which suggests that he is now diverting to theology faculties which have been trained in some other science. And this may be the reason that he is peculiarly fitted to appreciate the character of S. Paul, who was himself called upon to apply to Christian thought and worship a mind that had been trained in the strictest school of Judaism. We have been often told of late that S. Paul was the creature, almost the slave, of his Rabbinic training, and that he forced the teaching of the Saviour into the narrow grooves in which alone his own thoughts could run; it is a good corrective to have in this book the other side put before us, that it is not Paulinism which has made Christianity but Christianity which has made Paulinism; that S. Paul "necessarily makes use of words and phrases suggestive of Jewish thought and Rabbinical speculation, for that language was his own mother tongue, but he is neither theorising as a Jewish theologian, nor speculating as a Jewish rabbi. He is interpreting two supreme facts of history, the death and resurrection of Jesus; and in that interpretation he draws upon his own spiritual experience". S. Paul's conviction of our Lord's resurrection revolutionised his theology and revolutionised his life; and any attempt to estimate his theology aright must start from the same fixed point as he started from, the reality of the resurrection. "The Fifth Gospel" therefore, which is really a very able exposition of the Pauline theology, finds its foundation in the fact of the Resurrection; and the author's discussion of the evidence for that supreme event is not the least valuable part of his book. But it is a vigorous piece of writing throughout and deserves the attention and the thanks of theologians.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost." By J. H. B. Masterman. London: Wells Gardner. 1906. 2s.

We have nothing but praise for this unpretending little book. It is reverent and yet courageous in thought, and simple in expression. The author has expanded a course of lectures into a treatise on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as manifested in nature, in the Church, in the inspiration of the Bible, and in the individual Christian; all that he has to say is good, but perhaps the early chapters are the best. We presume the lectures were originally given to Divinity students; but the book would be valuable for a larger circle of readers.

For this Week's Books see page 462.

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RESERVE FUNDS Yen 15,050,000

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TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors submit to you the annexed statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and of the Profit and Loss Account for the Half-year ended 30th June, 1907.

The Gross Profits of the Bank for the past Half-year, including yen 901,147.⁷⁴ brought forward from last Account, amount to yen 12,171,077.⁵¹, of which yen 9,266,018.⁷⁹ have been deducted for Current Expenses, Interests, &c., leaving a balance of yen 2,905,058.⁷² for appropriation.

The Directors now propose that yen 500,000.⁰⁰ be added to the Reserve Fund. From the remainder the Directors recommend a Dividend at the rate of Twelve per Cent. per annum, which will absorb yen 720,000.⁰⁰ on the Old Shares and yen 630,000.⁰⁰ on the New Shares, making a total of yen 1,350,000.⁰⁰.

The Balance, yen 1,055,058.⁷², will be carried forward to the credit of next Account.

KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI, Chairman.

Head Office, Yokohama, 10th September, 1907.

BALANCE-SHEET, 30th June, 1907.

LIABILITIES.		Yen.
Capital paid up	24,000,000. ⁰⁰	
Reserve Funds	14,530,000. ⁰⁰	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	60,812. ¹⁸	
Notes in Circulation	6,079,610. ⁵³	
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.)	150,601,165. ⁸¹	
Bills Payable, Bills Rediscounted, Acceptances, and other		
Sums due by the Bank	93,051,510. ⁹⁹	
Dividends Unclaimed	5,123. ⁷⁷	
Amount brought forward from last Account	901,147. ⁷⁴	
Net Profit for the past Half-year	2,003,911. ¹⁸	
	Yen 296,243,720. ⁵⁰	
ASSETS.		Yen.
Cash Account—		
In Hand	17,069,048. ⁸⁰	
At Bankers'	25,751,521. ²⁵	
Investments in Public Securities	42,890,369. ⁸⁷	
Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.	15,432,624. ²¹	
Bills receivable and other Sums due to the Bank	122,191,097. ¹⁷	
Bullion and Foreign Money	112,606,870. ¹⁷	
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.	1,368,374. ¹⁸	
	Yen 296,243,720. ⁵⁰	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Yen.
To Current Expenses, Interests, &c.	9,266,018. ⁷⁹
To Reserve Fund	500,000. ⁰⁰
To Dividend—	
Yen 6. ⁰⁰ per Share for 120,000 Old Shares = yen 720,000. ⁰⁰ ;	
and	
Yen 5. ⁰⁰ per Share for 120,000 New Shares = yen 630,000. ⁰⁰ ..	1,350,000. ⁰⁰
To Balance carried forward from next Account	1,055,058. ⁷²
	Yen 12,171,077. ⁵¹
By Balance brought forward 31st December 1906	901,147. ⁷⁴
By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 30th	
June, 1907	11,269,930. ⁷⁷
	Yen 12,171,077. ⁵¹

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, comparing them with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and have found them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and have found them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

NOBUO TAJIMA, } Auditors.
FUKUSABURO WATANABE, }

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.
The List will open on Saturday, the 12th October, 1907, and close on or before Wednesday, the 16th October, 1907.

THE BUENOS AYRES & PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

SHARE CAPITAL.

5 per cent. First Preference Stock, issued and fully paid	£1,200,000
5 per cent. Second Preference Stock, issued and fully paid	1,000,000
Ordinary Stock, issued and fully paid	4,000,000
200,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each, issued and fully paid	2,000,000
	£8,200,000

DEBENTURE CAPITAL.

4 per cent. First Debenture Stock, issued	£2,925,000
4½ per cent. Second Debenture Stock, issued	2,075,000
5 per cent. Debenture Stock, issued	1,250,000
4½ per cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock, issued	1,000,000
	£7,250,000

Issue of £1,000,000 Four-and-a-half per cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock.

Secured by a Trust Deed reserving to the Company the right to create further Debenture Stock for £4,000,000, of which the present issue forms part, carrying interest at 4½ per cent. per annum and ranking in all respects *pari passu* with the £1,000,000 Consolidated Debenture Stock already issued, and a further amount at the rate of £4,000 per mile of additional line hereafter acquired by the Company or of new line for the time being constructed or in course of construction, or about to be constructed (including the extra track taken at £4,000 a mile where existing lines are doubled) in excess of the mileage belonging to the Company in operation on 28th May, 1907, and also for such a further amount as shall be sufficient to redeem prior issues at not exceeding the par value of the Stock for the time being redeemed and any premium payable on redemption under the terms of the issue thereof.

At 97½ per cent., payable as follows:

65	o	on Application.
30	o	" Allotment.
20	o	" 15th November, 1907.
20	o	" 16th December, 1907.
22	10	" 15th January, 1908.

Total £97 10 per £100 Stock.

Bearer Scrip will be issued to be exchanged for Debenture Stock Certificates on completion of all the payments, the registered Debenture Stock being transferable in amounts not involving a fraction of £1.

The interest is payable by warrant to the Registered Holders of the Stock on 1st January and 1st July in each year.

The first payment of interest will be made on 1st July, 1908, and will be calculated upon the instalments as due.

Payment in full on Allotment and on the Instalment dates can be made under discount at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, have authorised THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, and MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, as Bankers of the Company, to receive applications for £1,000,000 4½ per cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock of the Company.

The whole or any part of the Consolidated Debenture Stock is redeemable at any time at the Company's option after 30th June, 1908, at 110 per cent., on six calendar months' notice to the Stockholders. This Stock is secured by a charge upon the undertaking of the Company (subject to the First, Second, and Five per cent. Debenture Stock), under Trust Deeds, dated 28th May, 1907, and 11th October, 1907.

The Company owns and has in operation 995 miles of broad gauge (5 ft. 6 in.) railway in the Argentine Republic, extending westward from the City of Buenos Ayres to Villa Mercedes, the main line forming part of the system which is to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Seaboard of the South American Continent. Beyond the branch lines already opened to public traffic the Company has under construction or is about to construct additional branches of a length of about 420 miles, and has recently been authorised by Congress to construct two further branches, viz., one about 180 miles in length from Alberdi to Sampacho, on the Andine Railway, and the other about five miles in length from a point in the neighbourhood of Caseros to junction with the Buenos Ayres Western Railway near Liniers.

For some time past, the Company has worked the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway (563 miles now open) and the Villa Maria and Rufino Railway (141 miles). On the 1st July last the working of the Argentine Great Western and Argentine Transandine Railways (609 miles now open) was also taken over, and by means of this arrangement, the control of the whole trans-continental line from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, in so far as it is situated in Argentine territory, has been secured by this Company. The Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway has been building a line 292 miles in length to connect with this Company's system, 168 miles being opened to public traffic at the commencement of the present year; the remaining portion of the line was delivered to public service on the 1st instant, and this Company is, therefore, in possession of through communication with the rapidly developing Port of Bahia Blanca.

The continued expansion of the working results since 1900 is shown by the following table:—

	1900-1901	1901-1902	1902-1903	1903-1904	1904-1905	1905-1906	1906-1907
Receipts ...	£600,878	£584,267	£718,001	£550,305	£1,203,636	£1,618,365	£2,074,591
Expenses ...	£332,405	£304,467	£347,407	£333,083	£719,111	£820,404	£1,199,842
Profit ...	£268,473	£279,800	£370,594	£217,222	£484,525	£797,961	£874,749

After including the receipts of the Argentine Great Western and Transandine Railways for the purpose of comparison in the 1905-6 figures, the estimated receipts of the system from July 1st last to the 5th instant show an increase of £74,622.

The large increase in the traffic of the Company's own Railway has rendered it necessary from time to time to acquire more Engines and Rolling Stock, provide additional stations and sidings, secure adequate Terminal facilities in and around the City of Buenos Ayres, and to improve the carrying capacity of the Railway generally.

Past expenditure of Capital has been abundantly justified by results, as will be seen by the statement tabulated above. Dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum have been paid on the ordinary Stock and Shares of the Company since the year 1902-1903, and the balance dividend to be paid for 1906-1907 will enable this rate to be maintained. The annual interest on the Company's Debenture Capital is £317,875, which will now be increased by £45,000.

The proceeds of the present issue will be applied towards the cost and equipment of branch lines and for the general requirements of the railway.

A preference in the allotment as regards 40 per cent. of this Issue will be given to applications from existing Shareholders and Debenture Stockholders of this Company, the Argentine Great Western Railway Company, Limited, the Argentine Transandine Railway Company, Limited, the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Company, Limited, and the Villa Maria and Rufino Railway Company, Limited.

Applications on the form accompanying this Prospectus, together with the deposit of £5 per cent., should be forwarded to the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or to Martin's Bank, Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction. Should a smaller amount be allotted than applied for, the surplus paid on application will be appropriated towards the balance due on allotment. Non-payment of any instalment upon the due date will render the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture.

Application will in due course be made to obtain a Stock Exchange quotation for this Issue.

Apart from the contracts made by the Company in the ordinary course of business, the following have been entered into within the two years immediately preceding the date hereof:—

Contracts dated 24th April, 1906, and made between the Company and the Villa Maria and Rufino Railway Company, Limited.

Contract dated 16th May, 1906, and made between the Company and the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Company, Limited, and the South American Light and Power Company, Limited.

Contract entered into on the 29th May, 1906, between the Argentine Government and the Company for the construction of lines from Bunge to Buchardo; from Chacabuco to the Alberdi branch; and from Rawson to a point near O'Higgins.

Contract dated 4th December, 1906, and made between the Company and the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Company, Limited.

Supplemental Trust Deed dated 12th December, 1906, and made between the Company and the Trustees for the 5 per cent. Debenture Stock securing £500,000 of such Stock.

Contracts dated 23rd April, 1907, and made between the Company and the Argentine Great Western Railway Company, Limited.

Trust Deeds dated 28th May and 11th October, 1907, and made between the Company and the Trustees for securing the 4½ per cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock.

Contract dated 30th May, 1907, and made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price, and Pott, for underwriting the previous issue of Consolidated Debenture Stock.

Contract dated 16th July, 1907, and made between the Company, the Argentine Great Western Railway Company, Limited, and the Argentine Transandine Railway Company, Limited.

Contract dated 11th October, 1907, and made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price, and Pott, for underwriting the present issue.

The above Contracts may be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors on any day while the List remains open, between the hours of 11 and 4.

15,000 Deferred Shares of £20 each and 5,000 Second Preferred Shares of £20 each were allotted as fully paid in 1888, as part of the consideration for the construction of the Railway (subsequently converted into Second Preference and Ordinary Stock).

A Brokerage at the rate of a Quarter per cent. will be paid by the Company on allotments made to the public in respect of applications bearing a Broker's stamp.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C.; of the Bankers; and of Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price, & Pott, the Brokers of the Company.

Registered Offices:

Dashwood House,
9 New Broad Street,
London, E.C.

11th October, 1907.

Trustees for the Four-and-a-half per cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock.

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF COVENTRY.
THE RT. HON. LORD STANLEY.

Directors.

J. W. PHILIPPS, M.P. (Chairman).
T. PENN GASKELL, M.Inst.C.E.
C. E. GUNTHER.
EDWARD NORMAN.
HON. ARTHUR STANLEY, M.P.
F. O. SMITHERS (Managing Director).

Bankers.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C.
MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

Bankers in Argentina.

THE ANGLO SOUTH AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

Solicitors.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

Brokers.

SHEPPARDS, PELLY, PRICE & POTT, 57 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

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